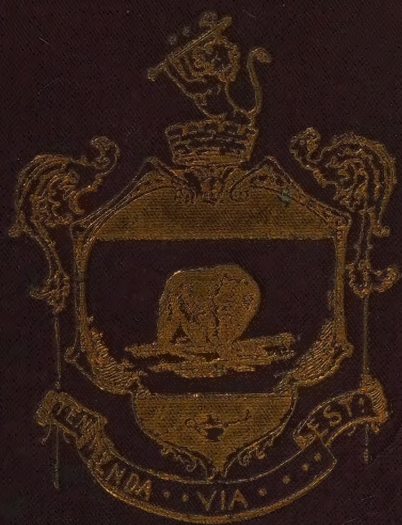
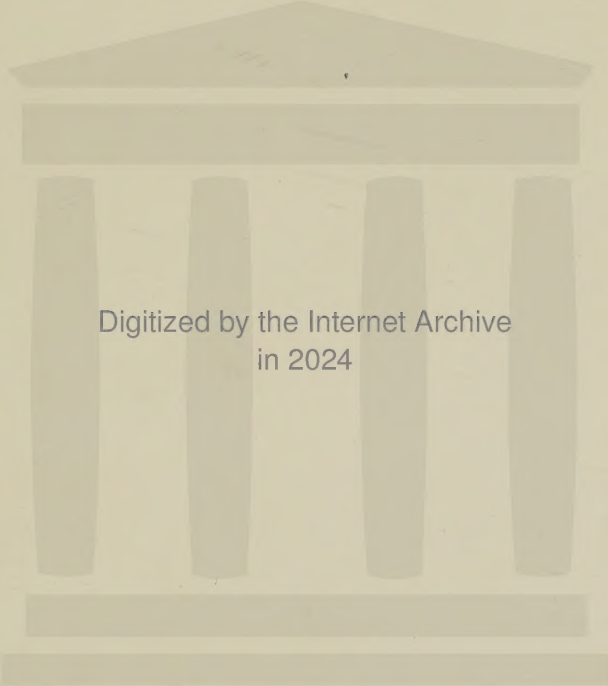




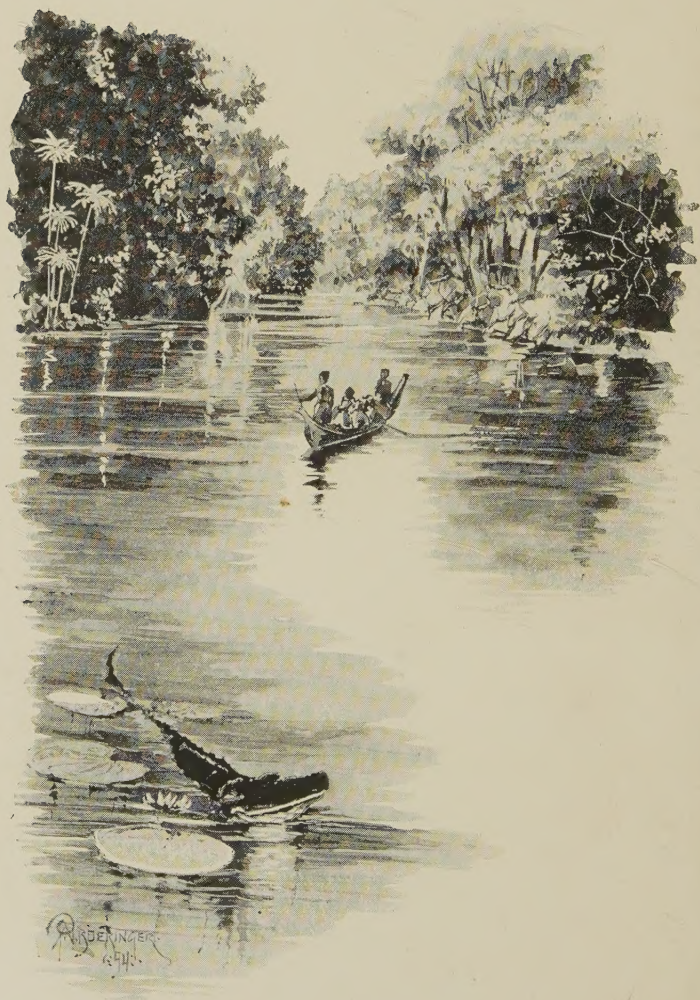
THE PANGLIMA MUDA

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THE PRAU SHOT OUT INTO THE OPEN WATERS OF THE SEMANTAN.

THE
PANGLIMA MUDA

A ROMANCE OF MALAYA

BY
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN



SAN FRANCISCO
OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY

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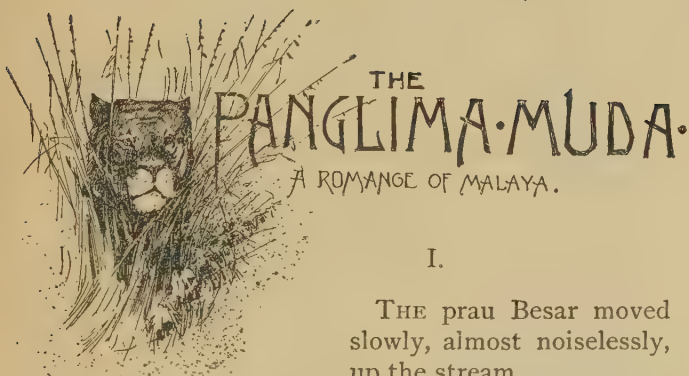
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TO MY
W I F E

I dedicate this little book
in remembrance of
those three glorious years in the
Golden Chersonese,
our Honeymoon.

At U. S. Consulate,
Singapore, S. S , June, 1891.

Illustrations
By Pierre N. Boeringer.



I.

THE prau Besar moved slowly, almost noiselessly, up the stream.

The sharp, greaseless squeak and ever continuing groan of the rattan oarlocks might have been mistaken by the uninitiated as an evidence of animal life in the impenetrable green arch above.

The six Malays hardly bent their backs as they cut the water almost vertically with their spear-shaped oar-blades, only pausing in their task from time to time to dash a handful of tepid water on the locks, whenever the gradually increasing volume of ear-piercing sounds threatened to awake their sleeping passengers.

From under a small half-deck, shaded by a palm leaf *cadjang*, arranged like the detached roof of a barn, with openings fore and aft, projected two pairs of shooting boots. The old *punghulo*, or chief, in the stern, directed the boat in silence, casting at intervals swift, searching glances into the dense jungle on either side. The heavy splash of a crocodile among the sinuous roots that bound the stream

like a fretwork of lace caused him to drop his head, and grasp the handle of his kris with a seemingly more than necessary apprehension.

A hearty laugh came from under the cadjang: "O, I say, Wahpering, brace up. If you dodge every time a gecko clucks, you will dislocate your dorsal vertebræ before night."

The steersman only shook his head,—

"Baniak jahat, Tuan!" (Very bad, my lord!)

The river wound and twisted along mile after mile, and finally lost itself in a maze of rich, moist tropical foliage, only to emerge a little later into a series of open lagoons where the great bordering trees, columnar and beautiful, were mirrored in amber black waters. A white eagle glided silently athwart the stream and disappeared in a thin streak of azure, high above. A kingfisher, like a brilliant flash of blue, darted out of a gnarled old trunk, from whose decrepit limbs hung orchids of dazzling colors, in pursuit of its gorgeously-scaled prey. Ever and anon the noisy call of the cicada rivaled the persistent squeak of the oarlocks, and cut short the shrill, defiant crow of the jungle-cock. The green and gold fronds of a half dozen cocoa-nut trees raised their graceful plumes above a bit of sandy shore.

The steersman changed his paddle from one hand to the other, and with a few deft strokes sent the sharp-pointed prau far up on the little beach.

One pair of boots disappeared from under the roof, the other pair moved restlessly. In a moment the owner of the first pair appeared on his hands and knees, and gazed curiously about; the owner



"SENT THE SHARP-POINTED PRAU FAR UP ON THE LITTLE BEACH."

of the second pair yawned, and inquired sleepily,
 "What's up, Beach? Is it Mr. Orang Kayah?"

"The Lord only knows. More likely *machan-an*.
 Wait until I ask. I say, Wahpering, what's up?"

"Machan-an (eating), Tuan!"

"They call it dinner, one of their excuses for a sleep,—the lazy brutes! Well, here goes." And with several preparatory groans, a short, thick-set man emerged, of perhaps forty-five or fifty, whose full ruddy face exhibited a wrinkled map of good nature. His hair, which had retreated from the top of his head, resembling in style the tonsure of a monk, was of a dull reddish color. His general appearance was in direct contrast to that of his companion, who was tall, straight, and broad-shouldered,

possibly twenty-eight years of age, but with a youthful, almost pink, complexion that made his generous blonde mustache seem out of place. The younger man's eyes were large and blue, and joined the rest of his handsome face in a merry laugh, as his short-winded companion came crawling from his improvised cabin.

"I say, Doctor, it's too bad I did n't bring a camera. How your learned friends of the Smithsonian would prize a photograph of you in such a position. They would never believe it. I can see them now holding a council, trying to decide to what order of mammals it belonged."

The Doctor gained his feet with the help of a boatman, very red in the face, and very much excited over the disappearance of his monocle, which the smiling native caught as it cut a complete circle about his body, and placed it in his hand.

"Hugh! hugh! Ah, thanks, Beach. Beastly place! You have n't a looking glass with you?—but of course you have n't. More to eat, hey! Well, give me your hand and get the guns; we may wing a bird or two while they are boiling their confounded rice."

Wahpering saw the guns, and came forward with a look of genuine alarm on his shriveled-up little face. "Tuan Doctor. No shoot. Orang Kayah hear!"

"O to the pit with your Orang Kayah. I have heard of nothing else for a month. I am sent out here by the Smithsonian Institution to make a collection of the flora and fauna of this peninsula; also, to study its anthropology, ethnology, lithology,



WAHPERING BOWED SADLY

and metallurgy, to obtain archaic time-pieces, measuring instruments, games of chance, and musical instruments. Do you understand, sir?"

Wahpering bowed sadly. He had become used to the long speeches of the Orang American.

"Glad you do. Well, I intend to do it in spite of all the Orang Kayahs or orang-outangs between here and Siam."

Wahpering turned aside, and commenced preparing the midday meal; while his men brought their mats from the boat and spread them out on a wiry bed of lallang grass within the shadow of the palms. Before lying down each took from a pouch, which he carried in the ample folds of his sarong, a green lemon leaf smeared with lime, placed in it some broken bits of areca nut, and tucked the entire mixture away in the liberal recess of his syrah-stained mouth. In a few moments a bright red froth oozed from between his lips.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" commented Beach, as he pushed five cartridges, one after another, into the magazine of his express rifle. "That settles it. I am going to take a brace of those fellows back to the Fair with me. They will draw a crowd if they do nothing more than chew betel-nut. Now look at them go to sleep, regardless of our time and money. — the whole beggarly lot!"

"A hundred years ago they were the pirates of the world. The bloodiest set of rascals on the face of the earth."

"Yes, I know, Doctor, but the only thing bloody about them now is their mouths, which resemble, as Bill Nye graphically puts it, stabs in the dark. Come on for a tramp."

The Doctor dropped a dozen biscuits into his pocket, fixed his glass firmly in his eye, and followed, gun in hand, regardless of the warning looks of the old headman.

II.

PROFESSOR JONAS POULTNEY, Ph. D., F. R. S., of the Smithsonian Institution, and Mr. John Quincy Adams Beach, Special Commissioner of the World's Columbian Exposition, had arrived in Singapore by the French Mail Steamer Oxus, on important missions for their respective institutions, just at the outbreak of a native war in the states north of that city.

In spite of the protests of their consul and the advice of the colonial government, they determined to pierce the very heart of the rebellious region, and to depend on the harmless nature of their mission and on their own wits and experience for protection. For, as the learned Doctor was fond of repeating, he had been "sent out by the great Smithsonian Institution to make a collection of the fauna and flora of the peninsula, to study its anthropology, ethnology, lithology, and metallurgy; to procure archaic time-pieces, games of chance, and coins," and he intended to do it in the face of any two-by-four war.

"You don't know Professor Langley? Well, I told him I would, and I will." And the good-humored face would struggle to put on a fierce look, which was invariably ruined by the dropping of his eye-glass and his younger companion's hearty laugh.

"All right, Doctor," laughed the consul. "I'll give you letters to the residents of Pahang and Selangor, and visé your passports, and then look out for the mighty Orang Kayah."

The Doctor snorted.

“Do you think, sir, that I who have served two campaigns under Grant, who have been among the Sioux at their worst, and braved Apaches in their strongholds, who have seen the head of the Nile and the open Polar Sea, am to be frightened off by a pack of rascally Malays, who have n’t the nerve, sir,—nerve, I say,—to fight a handful of Sikhs, and who will go to war over a chief who has so demeaned himself as to accept servants’ wages from the hands of a colonial governor. Afraid of Malays! Why, sir, half as many Sioux would have had the scalps of every man, woman, and child, and pariah dog; would have burned every house and town in Pahang, and would have had time left to have a good fight among themselves. Twice as many under Sitting Bull would have been in Singapore, and frightened its ‘anything for peace’ governor to death. Don’t talk to me of fear.” And the Doctor’s face became as scarlet, his eyes snapped, and he brought down his fist on a pile of consular invoices with energy that could not be doubted.

They were a week getting ready to start for the interior. The Doctor interviewed the curator of Raffle’s Museum and the director of the Botanic Gardens, and made copious notes for future digestion; while Beach explored the great cosmopolitan city,—its temples, its mosques, its bazaars, its wharves,—or sat for hours on the veranda of his hotel, and watched the mixed stream of Old World humanity surge by. Omnipresent was the Chinaman in his flowing trousers and spotless shirt, the Kling, whose straight, graceful form and lithe limbs



"BROUGHT DOWN HIS FIST ON A PILE OF CONSULAR INVOICES."

shone like ebony in the fierce Malayan sun, the Malay, the deposed king of the soil, in his ubiquitous sarong, the Parsee merchant in his high rimless hat and beaded sandals, the Jew money-changer in long, silken flowing robes, his rival, the Hindoo chitti or money-lender, dressed in a few yards of white gauze, the negro with thick lips and woolly pate, looked down upon by his brother dark races of the Equator, the Tamil, the Javanese, the Japanese, the Achinese, the Siamese, the Burmese, and a dozen more, equally curious to American eyes.

The great flabby humps on the back of the passing bullocks carried his mind back to his Bible reading, and the naked coolies pulling flying rickshas gave him a touch of delightful Japan. Around and above all was that trade-mark of the obese East,—

an odor which when once learned is never forgotten. But of all the races that defiled before him he saw no representative of the one he was seeking. He wanted a family of Sakies, the aborigines of the Malay peninsula, who dwelt in the almost inaccessible jungles about Mount Ophir.

"I am like the Doctor," he commented to himself, "I said I would, and I will."

The longer they remained in Singapore the worse the reports were that came in from the seat of war. It was said that the dissatisfied chief, the Orang Kayah, or great warrior, had taken possession of the stores of the Raub Gold Mining Company and placed a toll on all boats ascending the Pahang River; then that he had erected a series of stockades throughout the Bentong district, and thereby cut off all communication with the interior. The Doctor stormed, and swore that he would appeal to the Sultan. Then the report came that His Highness was secretly backing his rebellious subjects.

Beach laughed, and said: "Take it easy, Doctor, we'll have more time to study our Malay grammar."

But the Doctor scorned the advice, and engaged passage for Klang by a steamer that was taking up a party of government Sikhs. Beach made no objection, and accompanied him. From Klang they went with the same party to the little residency town of Kwalla Lumpur then across country to the Pahang, and there engaged Malay boatmen and the old headman, Wahpering, to take them up the Semantan River.

It was a hazardous undertaking, but one that fitted both the temper of the Doctor and the spirit of his younger companion.

III.

THE cocoa-nut grove opened into a deserted plantation. Scraggly tapioca shrubs at intervals topped an undulating sea of lallang grass. The ruins of an attap bungalow, shaded by a brilliantly red flamboyant, occupied the center of the neglected spot.

"It is plain," laughed Beach, as he seated himself on the ant-eaten beam of a wooden plow, "why the plantation was deserted,—the house fell down. Too shiftless to rebuild!"

The Doctor was examining the ruins, which were of attap, on piles six feet above the ground, and approached by a rickety ladder. Its interior would just allow a man to stand upright; its floor was of elastic strips of bamboo.

"I have an idea, Beach! Have a Malay bungalow made in Singapore for your Malayan exhibit at the Fair."

"I am afraid it would take an entire village to hold my collection at the rate at which it is progressing. Hello! What's that?"

A wild pig rushed from out the midst of a half dozen stunted pineapples, and disappeared into the yielding grass.

"O, you're safe, my black beauty," growled the Doctor, as he savagely screwed at his eye-glass, "we're Mohammedans, and don't eat pork. What an old fool I am getting to be,—might just as well have been a tiger!"

On the opposite side of the plantation they entered the jungle by a narrow, winding path, and picked their way slowly along its uneven course, catching glimpses of great grey iguanas just above their heads, of dazzling green and gold lizards, leaving behind a troop of long-armed wah-wahs that were swinging and chattering in the great trees that fringed the jungle, and finding a little troop of quarreling black monkeys in the dim obscurity of the interior. Trailing rubber vines reached down and caught up their cork helmets, and the hooked claws of the rattan clutched their clothes and impeded their progress.

Suddenly Beach stopped and held up his finger.

A low deep boom, sounding strangely out of place in their desolate surroundings, fell upon their ears. It was a hollow, resonant sound, and came surging through the jungle at regular intervals, like the far-away report of a heavy gun at sea. They looked at each other inquiringly, and then pushed noiselessly on.

The boom became more distinct as they progressed. Its tones grew to a deep mellow bass, as perfectly modulated and as rich and sonorous as the strokes of a bass viol.

"If I were in the North Woods of Maine I would swear it was a partridge drumming on a hollow log," commented the Doctor musingly.

"It strikes me that I have heard the same deep sound several times during our trip up the river, and I should not be surprised if it came from a Malay village."

"That's it," answered the Doctor. "I have heard

the thing in Africa. It is an artificially hollow log hung to the limb of a tree, and struck with a club of wood."

"Which means that we are close to a village or a mosque?"

"Yes," went on the Doctor, "or one of the Orang Kayah's forts. Forward, march."

For five minutes they stumbled along the narrow path, until they were almost precipitated from the semi-twilight of the jungle into the blazing glare of the sun.

The boom of the gong rushed to their ears in great waves of sound, direct from a stockade not a hundred yards in front. They gazed about them in wonderment at the unexpected scene. To their right was the river,—their left, the unbroken face of the jungle.

Overlooking the river and projecting from port-holes in the stockade, were the black mouths of three small cannon.

"Well, I'll be shot!" broke from the younger of the two.

The Doctor placed his monocle carefully in his eye and surveyed the structure deliberately.

"Yes, I think you would have been shot had we come up the stream sound asleep under our cad-jang. You can see inside, I suppose?"

"Well, hardly! Here, give me your shoulder." And the younger man sprang lightly into the lower limbs of a blasted tree.

"All right. Now I can see. There are, I should say, from two to three hundred Malays inside, half as many dogs, about a dozen big, open palm-leaf sheds, and two fair-looking bungalows."

"Any sentinels?"

"Not that I can see, and the gate of the affair is wide open on the side toward the jungle."

"If we made a dash into it with sixteen shots each, where would the beggars go?"

"Through a small gate on the river side."

"Good! Come down. It's got to be done. We must get up the river, or go back to Singapore."

"But don't you think, Doctor, it would be better to go peacefully in and present our letters to the Sultan, and ask for safe passports?"

"Not a bit of it, my boy. There is only one way,—stampede them. I have seen it done in Africa. They are in rebellion, and we have the law on our side. Forward, march!"

Beach smiled, and stooped down to throw a cartridge from the magazine into the barrel and to loosen his revolver. The Doctor took two or three steps in advance.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," came in clear, even tones from behind them. "If I may be allowed to advise, I should say that the younger man's plan was much the better, although I am not certain but that you would stampede my poor followers easily enough. It has been done before!"

"What the deuce—!" ejaculated the Doctor.

Beach brought his rifle half way to his shoulder, and lowered it again at the sight of the man before him.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he went on, smiling at Beach's warlike movement. "I am the Panglima Muda, which means in English, rather broadly translated, the general commanding. My

chief is His Excellency the Orang Kayah of Semantan. Now, whom may I have the honor of meeting?"

The Panglima Muda was a little over five feet in height. His features were clean cut and intelligent, and would have been pleasant but for a scar over his right eye, which gave them a sinister cast. He was dressed in a silk sarong of variegated colors, that fell like a skirt about his legs, and a dark blue naval officer's jacket, the buttons on which were of gold set with stones. On his head he wore a rimless cap, and on his feet a pair of russet shooting boots. From the folds of his sarong protruded the jeweled handle of a kris.

The Doctor could only gasp and stare in unconcealed astonishment.

The younger man answered, waving his hand toward his companion,—

"Let me introduce to you Mr. Jonas Poultney, Ph. D., of the Smithsonian Institution, United States of America."

The Panglima Muda bowed.

"And your name?" he said politely.

The Doctor had so far recovered himself as to exclaim pompously,—

"Mr. John Quincy Adams Beach, Special Commissioner of the World's Fair, late Lieutenant in the United States Navy, a descendant of two Presidents of the United States."

"Ah, indeed!" and the Malay bowed to the younger man, and smiled at the blushes that the introduction brought to his temples; "then we will call you the Duke of Massachusetts, Mr. Beach.

You see I know something about your great country. Now, will you accompany me to my humble quarters? I shall consider it a great honor to entertain two such distinguished citizens of the greatest republic on earth."

"On one condition," replied the Doctor, acknowledging the tribute to his country with a gratified "Poh! Poh!"—"that you guarantee us safe passport out of and past your fort. We are anxious to get into the interior, and take no interest in your two-penny war."

"But you should," replied the Malay pleasantly. "We are fighting, like your immortal Washington, for our independence."

"Independence, fiddlesticks! What you are fighting for is beyond me. You know how silly and useless such an act is. As for your chief, he is fighting for more salary from the governor. But do you grant us the passports?"

"I am sorry I cannot, and we may have to detain you for a few days. A learned man like yourself will find a study of our habits and customs interesting."

"Then, good day! Come on, Beach. We'll have to go back to Klang and get a force and clear this river."

The Doctor turned on his heel haughtily, and strode in the direction of the jungle path.

A file of Malays, with drawn krisses, blocked the way. He raised his gun and motioned them aside.

"Unless you wish your force reduced, I advise you to draw them off," he went on angrily. "Do you think I am to be frightened by a row of half-breed slaves?"

"It is useless to fire," answered the chief, flushing redly. "You might kill one or two, which would not be a serious matter, but you would be krissed in the end, which would be a serious loss to science. I am very sorry that you refuse to become my guests. It is certainly preferable to becoming my prisoners, and less painful to me."

The Doctor snorted, "Sir, you will have to settle with my country for this outrage. I am sent here by the order of the great Smithsonian Institution, to make a collection of the fauna and flora of this Archipelago, to examine and study its anthropology, ethnology, lithology, and metallurgy, to obtain archaic time-pieces, weapons, and coins. Mr. Beach, sir, is in search of Sakies, the aborigines of this country, who it is said live at the foot of the far-famed Mount Ophir."

"How fortunate! I can be of great service to both you and Mr. Beach. I will guarantee you, Doctor, a complete collection of weapons, coins, and dress. Your time is your own to make your herbarium, and as for the animals, I will see that one of every kind that grows is brought to your door. For Mr. Beach I will secure a half dozen Sakies; and above all, I will take pleasure in showing you both the old gold mines and roads of King Solomon, at the base of Mount Ophir. So that your friends will rest easy, I will send a messenger to your consul in Singapore, and notify him that you have decided to pay me a short visit."

The Doctor, more than half convinced, hesitated. The professional side of his nature had succumbed, the obstinate side still held out.

Beach pulled out a manila and bit off the end. The Chief smiled, and handed him a box of matches.

"But," said the Doctor, slowly lowering the muzzle of his rifle, "I must have my tools, and books, and arsenic. They are all in our boat."

"They were," corrected the Chief. "Now they are in your quarters inside the stockade, and your interpreter, Wahpering, is awaiting your orders there."

As they entered the stockade the soldiers looked up carelessly, and a number of the officers gave the national salute of their race, "Tabek, Tuan," (Greeting, my Lords,) without exhibiting either surprise or exultation.

The Panglima led them down the main street of the encampment to one of the two attap bungalows.

The Doctor went in first, laboriously ascending and crowding himself through the small opening. Beach sprang lightly up, followed by their host.

The interior was one large room, divided into compartments by sarongs hung over bamboo poles. The floor, of split bamboo, was elastic to the step. Between the cross-pieces of bamboo were openings like the white spots on a checker-board, through which came up light and air. On the floor were spread mats of woven palms, on which were several sleeping Malays. The Chief went up to one, drew from its sheath his needle-pointed kris, and pricked him until the blood came.

The sleeper sprang to his feet with a cry of pain, a look of terror on his distorted face. The Panglima laughed, and carefully wiped the point of his kris on the fellow's sarong, and pointed towards

his guests. Not until then had the wounded man noticed that there were others in the room. He turned quickly, and touched his forehead with the back of his open palm,—it was Wahpering,—and then rushed forward and took their helmets and guns.

“We were expecting you,” he mumbled. “His Highness say you pay him visit, and command your servants come by river.” Then he whispered as he drew up to Beach’s side: “He Panglima Muda, very brave. Live in England long time. He steal Mem (Lady) Mead. Hide her in jungle.”

The Chief turned his eyes on Wahpering. They were cold and steely, and filled with a sinister gleam. He tapped the jeweled handle of his kris significantly, and addressing Beach said quietly:—

“It is not always best for a Malay to learn English. They learn to tell lies, which is bad. Wahpering, your interpreter, might be led on to talk too much. Then, when night comes, he lies down on his mat to sleep. In the night some one who has heard his talk comes under the house and runs his kris up through the floor into Wahpering. The next day his body is thrown out to the tiger.”

Wahpering hung his head, but the ashy pallor in his face had given place to a crafty look of contrition, which could not disguise the revengeful flash of his eyes. The Chief saw it, and turned to one of his men, and spoke a few words in his native tongue. The man laid his hand on Wahpering’s shoulder and led him out of the room. In another moment the air quivered with a dozen heart-rending screams, and in another moment Wahpering was

pushed through the open door and thrown on a mat, fainting, his back a mass of raw flesh.

The Chief paid no attention to the little tragedy. "You will find all your baggage here, gentlemen. Your servants are below. I will come for you tomorrow at ten o'clock, when you will pay your respects to His Excellency, the Orang Kayah. Good day." And, bowing gracefully, he withdrew.

The Doctor sprang to his medicine chest, and mixed a soothing ointment which he applied to the suffering man's lacerated back.

"Leave him unconscious, Beach. He will come to quick enough for all parties concerned. There is someone going to be krissed to pay for this, and in my opinion it won't be Wahpering. What was it he said about a Miss Mead?"

IV.

WAHPERING recovered from his swoon only to lapse into a semi-comatose state, from which he finally awoke in a high fever. The Doctor and Beach sat with him until dark, and then left him in the care of two of their Malay boatmen, while they partook of a well-cooked dinner that was brought in and placed on a linen cloth, spread on the floor. The dishes were all of china, and bore a well known London trademark. They were served with soup, venison, potatoes, yams, and egg-plant, rice curry, and fried bananas, sherry, claret, and whisky and soda.

"Well, I'll be shot," remarked Beach, as he picked out a Havana and carefully unrolled the tin foil that protected it, "this is the first Cuban I've had since I left San Francisco. If it weren't for the poor devil in the corner I would vote this Mr. Panglima a good fellow. Who'd have thought of bringing finger-glasses and napkins out into the jungle?"

"Exactly," remarked the Doctor, "and what stumps me is, what such a well-educated fellow wants to go to war with his betters for, unless,"—and the Doctor placed his eye-glass firmly in his right eye and thought,—“unless it is something to do with that girl Wahpering says he has carried off.”

"You have guessed it, Doctor," broke in the quiet, even voice of the Panglima, who had noiselessly entered the room. "And this is a good opportu-

nity to warn you against guessing out loud. You Americans are given to guessing, you know. If you will take the trouble to look through the open places in your floor, you will see two sentinels below, one of whom understands English."

The Chief took his seat beside Beach. "I am glad you like the brand. Havanas don't keep in this climate."

"Which means, I suppose," growled the Doctor, ignoring the last remark, "that we can take our choice between guessing to ourselves and being treated to the lash."

"Not at all, my dear Doctor," replied the Chief, puffing at his cigar. "That would be equivalent to a declaration of war between the United States and Semantan. Come outside and smoke, and I will tell you a story that will sound better coming from me than from your old headman, and possibly save him another correction."

In front of the bungalow they found three rude chairs.

"I had these made since your arrival, knowing your preference for them. Tomorrow, you will have a table. Be seated. I will order the coffee."

The full red moon, just level with the wooded tops of a low range of hills across the river, poured a flood of golden light into the stockade, and against the impenetrable sides of the jungle beyond. The turbid waters of the river became molten, save where the dark outlines of a princely palm set its black signet, or a maze of tangled mangrove roots traced a square of weird hieroglyphics across its face. The lunge of a crocodile cast a shower of

phosphorescent sparks about its log-like form, and awakened a score of boatmen who were sleeping outside the fort. From a low shed in front came the soft, monotonous chant of Mohammedans at prayer; first, the low, melodious solo of the priest, then the perfectly attuned responses. Through the open door they could see them bowing, kneeling, laying their foreheads on their praying rugs, standing erect, their bodies swaying gently to the glorious promises of their prophet. A soft tropical breeze came from out the jungle, laden with the sweet, delicate scents of the kamooning tree.

The Panglima was in a dark gray sarong, a soft black silken jacket, and patent leather pumps. Diamonds glistened on his shapely fingers, and in the folds of his silken shirt. He took the kris from his waist and laid it across his knees. The moon lit up the jewels in its golden scabbard. Beach drew a long breath. The Doctor knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar.

"By George, one could almost be contented here!"

"Almost," repeated the Chief. "Almost, on a moonlight night, but never quite. Not after a taste of civilization, and—love." He paid no attention to the stares of wonderment turned upon him by his listeners, and in his cold, even tones, went on. "I was sent to England to be educated. The curate of the little village took me, at the request of the Resident of Penang, into his family. The worthy man thought, I learned later, that I was an Indian prince,—such was his knowledge of the geography that he was to teach me. For three years I was

thrown in daily contact with the curate's only daughter. I think I loved her from the moment I first saw her. The three years passed like a dream. We studied the same lessons, read the same books, botanized, rambled, and built air-castles together, — she, Tom, and myself. Tom, the brother, was a noble, manly fellow, and accepted me as a member of the little family from the first. I think, now that I look back on this happy time, that the old curate would have been glad to have seen me marry Gladys, for when some returned civil servant from Singapore told him that my palace was nothing but a palm-thatched bungalow, and not the marble palace of his dreams, he acted as though I had deceived him, and turned me out of doors ; but not before I had proposed to the girl.

“I offered to live in England, and take up a profession. I showed her that I would have a few hundred pounds a year as long as my father, who was the Dato Menti, or prime minister to the Sultan, lived, and after that the English government would give me his pension. It was not a brilliant offer, and it was not accepted. She cared for me only as a friend and schoolmate.

“I did not despair. One of my race never does. *Tuan Allah suka !* (It is as Allah wishes.) I went to London, and was received at Court. While there the curate died, and left his children penniless. I offered myself again, and was again refused, kindly but firmly. Then I asked the Resident of our state to give the son employment under him. He did so, and we all started for the East together.”

The Doctor moved uneasily in his seat, and scratched a match on the sole of his boot.

"I will not weary you with the details of our trip, or of our life afterwards. I could not conceal my passion. She pitied me, the rest laughed at me. The little Residency town, with its dozen gossiping families, became a hell on earth. I could not stay there; I could not keep away. The white officers and civilians crowded about my adored one. The tropical heat of the place seemed to agree with her, and intensified her beauty.

"I left the place and joined my father. I became a favorite of the Sultan. He raised me in dignity in court, and trusted me with his secrets. I became all-powerful in the little kingdom. The Sultan, my father, the old fat Orang Kayah over there, were mere puppets in my hands. The Resident consulted me, the Governor entertained me at Singapore, the natives bribed me, and yet I was not happy. My desire for the white girl became the one aim of my life. I determined to win her by means fair or foul. There was but one way to get her from under the protection of the English guns. I did not hesitate. I trumped up a means of declaring war on the English. The old Orang Kayah, Pahlawan or Governor of Sematan, had a grievance. The Resident had forbidden him to oppress his people, and to collect unjust tribute, in lieu of which a stated pension was to be paid him which he indolently accepted. I knew that the English government was giving the Orang Kayah of another district a much larger pension. I whispered it in his ear. He became sulky and revengeful. I visited him secretly and urged him to go to war. I took the Sultan's chop to him, and offered to see that he was supplied

with arms and food. You have read the rest in the Singapore papers.

"That is, all but my part in it. I continued to play the forlorn lover, and at the same time I directed the rebellion. One night, while at a New Year's ball at the Residency, I had a note sent to Miss Mead that her brother had been taken suddenly ill and had gone home. She did not wait to say goodnight to the hostess, but put on her cloak and hurried across the Residency grounds to her bungalow. Five of my trusted men seized her, and put her in a swift prau. I was careful to have them see her Malay maid and get all her clothes. I was at the ball.

"The next morning the alarm was given. I was the hottest in the search. My grief was terrible to witness. In a week I was called to the country by my Sultan. I went straight to where my love was in hiding. It is a beautiful place. I will take you there. She spurned me with horror and aversion. I told her the truth, but she would not listen. I groveled at her feet, but she turned her back on me. I tried to embrace her. She drew a dagger, and threatened to kill herself. May Allah forgive me, but she was beautiful. I laughed in her face. I was half crazed."

The Panglima had forgotten his auditors.

"Ah! but I will bring the proud head to my feet. I will make her bow on her bended knees, and plead of me to take her. There is one place in her heart that I can reach. It must be through that brother. It will take time, but what is time. Bah! the timid white-haired English Governor will give me time. I

know how to play my cards, and I hold trumps! It is better to be dead than to love so. Yet I must go on to the end. Allah is just!"

The monotonous, musical chant went rythmically on, the subdued hum of the hundreds of voices about them continued unheeded, the fire in the chief's eyes gave place to a dull, hopeless longing, as though his thoughts belied his words. He put his hand to his head, and then, rising slowly, placed his kris in his sarong, and paced up and down on the sandy strip.

A native stepped out from the shadow of the house and touched his forehead. The Panglima paused in his walk and listened. Turning to the two he said quietly, and without the least show of his former emotion :—

"A messenger from the Orang Kayah. Spies bring word that an expedition is coming up the river to attack the stockade."

He snapped his fingers and laughed bitterly. "An expedition of fifty Sikhs, two hundred Malays, and four white men. I could wipe them out of existence, if I chose. Why should I kill the poor devils! I will have my sharpshooters pick off the Englishmen, and then the rest will stampede. The next time they will send twice as many, we will shoot a few for appearance, and retreat to the jungle, and build another stockade. That will cause two more expeditions. After they have taken a half dozen stockades and lost a half dozen officers, they will have had glory enough, their milk-and-water governor will telegraph to London that the rebellion is crushed,—blind fools! Good night. There

may be fighting tomorrow, you will see how we amuse ourselves playing at Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

The two men smoked on in silence, each busy with his own thoughts.

"What bothers me," said the Doctor, throwing the stub of his cigar at a pariah dog that was prowling in the shadow, "is what part he expects us to act in this beautiful outrage."

Beach arose, yawned, and stretched his handsome form. The moonlight fell on his blonde hair, and gave it a richer tinge. He gazed out over the river and up at the sky, and then with an affected air of indifference said in French:—

"You remember we are watched, my dear Monsieur, in two languages, and if we take a part creditable to ourselves we must exhibit no interest whatever. Depend on it, sooner or later he will unburden his mind, and so long as we are prisoners we must shape our sails to the wind. There are three of us. I think we may count on Wahpering, and if we act together we ought to be able to head the outlaw off. Let us forget everything but the coming battle."

The Doctor sprang to his feet and slapped the speaker between his broad shoulders.

"You are the leader. Kick me if I misbehave. Shall we turn in?"

A cloud passed over the moon. A low, thrilling growl, a crash, a thud, and a cry of mortal agony, came from beyond the stockade. A drowsy sentinel cried, "*Harimau!*"—A tiger!—and sent a ball into the jungle. The moon came from under the

cloud, and the hum of conversation rose fitfully from the surrounding sheds.

Beach shuddered, and followed the Doctor up the ladder

V.

THE next morning as Beach descended the ladder he uttered an exclamation of surprise that caused the Doctor to pause in the midst of the inspection of his bottles, and put his head out the narrow window of his room.

Everything was changed within the little fort. The stockade had been closed on all sides, and trees fallen across the jungle path. The guns were being loaded, the boats sent up the river with the Orang Kayah's household and valuables, and the attap sheds were being pulled down.

Half a hundred men were outside in the open, driving aslant into the sandy soil and carefully concealing in the wiry lallang grass spikes of bamboo, which had been pointed and hardened in the fire.

"Nasty things to bark one's shins on," muttered Beach, as he realized their true import. "Ever meet anything like that, Doctor, at the front?"

"Never," replied the Doctor decisively. "They are enough to break one of Sheridan's charges. When I was in the Wilderness —" An explosion checked the Doctor's reminiscence, and a piece of shell cut through the woven sides of the house.

A small brass lelah had exploded in the act of loading, and torn two men to threads. The officer in charge cut down the remaining man and stalked off to the next gun.

The Doctor's face grew red with passion but before his wrath could find vent, a messenger sprang up the ladder and announced,—

“The Panglima!”

The Doctor planted his monocle firmly in his eye, and returned the Chief's pleasant “Good morning” with a wrathful stare. Beach watched the remains of the gunner go over the stockade. The Panglima glanced carelessly in the same direction.

“Ah, yes, a very annoying accident. One of our best guns burst. A brass lelah from the Sultan's prau. Its loss may turn the tide of battle.”

“An innocent man was murdered,” hissed the Doctor, never taking his eyes off the Malay's face.

The Panglima shrugged his shapely shoulders.

“Possibly! I am sent by His Excellency to request that you attend him at once. There may not be another opportunity. In the course of another two hours the fortune of war may send us into the jungle.”

The two men bowed coldly, and followed the Chief down the main street to the audience chamber.

Going up the ladder of the only other bungalow but their own in the stockade, they were ushered without ceremony into the presence of a fat, kindly old Malay, whose scanty white hair and mustache set off a deeply wrinkled face and brilliantly stained lips and teeth, and gave to his general air of insignificance a suggestion of dignity. A checked silk sarong which fell over a pair of soldier's coarse trousers, a faded cotton shirt, a British officer's tunic, and soiled carpet slippers clinging loosely to bare feet, did not combine to impress his prisoners with the honor accorded them. Around his wrists were heavy gold bracelets of native manufacture,

and in the front of his rimless cap was a cluster of brilliants set in the form of his Sultan's coat-of-arms. Standing on either side was a guard holding a drawn kris.

The Panglima bowed low as they entered, and His Excellency took his hand out of a golden bowl from which he was eating curry, and gave it to him to kiss, and smiled pleasantly on his visitors.

Beach returned the smile, and repeated respectfully, "Tabek, Unku!" unmindful of the Doctor's snort of disgust.

There was a ceremonious hush while the old man, according to official etiquette, chewed, with mouth distended and eyes half closed, the neatly rolled quid of betel that an attendant handed him. After the lapse of the time required for its consumption, with a dexterous movement of his tongue he pushed the red mass between the upper lip and his teeth, and opened his eyes pleasantly.

The Panglima cut any further exchange of civilities short by a few whispered words in the old man's ear, to which the Orang Kayah answered with a nod.

"His Excellency wishes me to express to you, in his presence, his great sorrow at having to detain you for even the space of an hour within his gates,
—"

The heavy boom of a great gong was heard outside, and one of the guards sprang to the window.

"And wishes me to assure you that you will be released as soon as we have repulsed the attack which we have reason to expect at any moment. He makes one condition, which he puts in the form of a request."



"TABEK, UNKU!"

Again the heavy boom broke in upon the Panglima's words. The Orang Kayah glanced uneasily at his guard, who was stationed at the window.

"He asks you to go to Johore, on your return to Singapore, and see His Highness, the Maharajah, the friend of the English and the once Emperor of Malaya, and lay his case before him, so that he may intercede with the English governor to forgive him for this rebellion, and take him back into his confidence. His Excellency awaits your answer."

Beach pushed in front of the Doctor before he could open his lips, and bowing, answered quietly and firmly,—

"We agree."

The Panglima started, and bit his lips angrily.

The Orang Kayah arose, and ended the audience.

"For heaven's sake," whispered Beach, as they returned to their bungalow, "keep your temper. Don't you know the Panglima well enough to imagine that he has no intention of allowing us to escape, much less of permitting such a message to be taken to Johore? It would be death to all his ambitions. It is just as well to keep on the good side of the old fellow. He does n't seem to be a bad sort. Didn't you see that the Panglima expected us to refuse the Orang Kayah's offer? Hello! there goes the gong again!"

The Doctor watched in moody silence a party of laborers crowd through the small river gate. The deep boom of the gong sounded a warning to all stragglers outside the fort. Beach slipped his arm about his companion's shoulders.

"Don't take it to heart, Doctor. We have more

important things to worry about. Come up on the veranda and watch the battle."

"Beach, I'm a hot-headed old ass!"

"I don't believe it. Up you go. Hello! they are at it!"

A few desultory shots greeted the sound of axes from the opposite jungle.

Suddenly the frantic beating of the gongs announced the approach of the enemy. A file of red turbans issued from the jungle path, and a dozen tall Sikhs moved cautiously into the open.

Without waiting for the word of command, the Malays within the stockade began a furious fusilade. The Sikhs ran forward a few paces, dropped on their knees, and returned the volley. A Malay fell dead, another was wounded. More Sikhs pushed forward over the hidden obstructions, dragging a small field-piece. A half hundred Malay police came into sight, and received the jeers of their countrymen behind the stockade.

Four white officers in cork helmets and brown kaki uniforms were directing the attack. The gun was brought to bear, and a ball crashed through the stockade. At the same instant a brass lelah sent a shot into the midst of the gunners, and put to flight a party of police that were forming to storm the breach made by the single shot in the flimsy wall.

"What strikes me as peculiar," remarked Beach, surveying the interior of the fort attentively, "is that the Orang Kayah's people seem to take so little interest in the attack. There is a group over there squatting on their feet eating rice; farther on there is another. I can see a number bowing and

kneeling in the mosque. Not more than half are on the defensive."

"That is our policy," answered the Panglima, joining them on the platform. "We cannot afford to be aggressive. If we were, we should be exterminated. We learned something in the Perak War. In it we made the mistake of killing the Resident at the start. In three days' time our coasts were lined with warships, and our country filled with British regulars. Every rebel was hunted down, — not the greatest among them spared, — and the Sultan who had remained neutral was deposed for remaining neutral. So long as we don't kill a Resident or a colonel we are let alone, save for a poor little expedition like this one. The governor at Singapore is afraid of his money, and afraid of the glory his general would win in putting down the rebellion, and that charming gentleman, the Resident, is tied hand and foot by official red tape."

Turning to a Malay that stood below, he spoke a few words in his native tongue. The soldier ascended the platform, raised his express, took careful aim, and fired. A white officer who was directing the firing of a gun threw up his arms and fell across it.

"You wretch!" exclaimed the horrified Doctor. "That was a cold-blooded murder, — yes, murder, and you will swing for it yet, do you hear!"

The Panglima only smiled.

"They expect it. He was probably only a police officer. It makes good reading for the Singapore papers, — something to telegraph home. That is the second one today. They won't fight much longer."

The Chief descended the ladder, touched his fore-

head with his finger and disappeared. In ten minutes the firing ceased. The attacking force, taking with them their dead and wounded, retreated unmolested into the jungle. The gongs became quiet and the gates were thrown open.

The thermometer stood at 158 degrees. The hard-packed soil of the stockade reflected the direct rays of the sun with a naked intensity. Not a breath of air relieved the relentless glare of the earth, the river, or the glazed sides of the jungle.

The Doctor clapped his hand to his eyes and darted inside. Beach followed.

"I would n't fight in that sun even under the Stars and Stripes, and with James G. Blaine looking on. I suppose it is all very interesting to an old soldier like you, but it reminds me of a bricklayers' strike in New York's eighth ward."

The Doctor snorted disdainfully.

The week that succeeded the attack was one of hard work and keen enjoyment to the Doctor. He was relieved of the Panglima's calm, imperturbable face, and was given permission to hunt and botanize at will. His joy at snaring a glorious Argus pheasant was irritating to Beach, who chafed at his imprisonment, and would not take advantage of the offered parole.

Yet he could not restrain the pleasure he felt at the chieftain's return. The week's self-inflicted confinement had conquered his pride, and he would have welcomed the face of his worst enemy. The Chief recognized and acknowledged the show of feeling.

"I am truly sorry for this miserable week," he said, extending his hand. "I, too, have been miserable."

Beach looked up quickly. There was a ring in the Chief's voice that recalled the story of his passion. The Panglima dropped his eyes before the close scrutiny of the man.

"Yes," he went on, "I hope it will be but a few days longer, this confinement of yours. We evacuate the fort tomorrow. There is a larger force under an Honorable Major from Singapore on its way up the river. It would never do to let them think that we dared to hold out against so large a force. A number of the Sultan's praus will come up stream tonight, as though on a trading voyage. We will attack and capture them, and go on up the river to another stockade. I have arranged to send our learned friend's zoological collection down to Temerloh, where it will be held until called for."

The Doctor bowed.

"Then I am to understand that we are to continue prisoners irrespective of our nationality and official positions," asked Beach, the color rising to his temples.

"You are my honored guests until such a time as I can send you on the mission to Johore, which you so very kindly offered to undertake for His Excellency," replied the Panglima, smiling sarcastically.

Shortly afterwards the Sultan's praus came laboriously up the stream. By dusk the campong was deserted. The Orang Kayah, his wives and attendants, filled one prau. The Doctor, Beach, Wahpering, the Panglima, and the guards, another. The natives embarked in sampans and river boats, while more than half the force went across the country, through the jungle.

VI.

THE sun went down, and the hot tropical day gave place, with a rapidity that was startling, to a breezeless, tropical night. The head praus fixed torches in their bows. The others followed in close file. The flames waved and danced and spluttered with the motion of the boats, barely making distinct the tunnel-like formation of the jungle-enclosed stream. Troops of monkeys chattered and whistled in the dense foliage, while hundreds of crocodiles sunk quietly beneath the current, or glided noiselessly among the dark labyrinth of roots.

A pair of eyes, like coals of fire, peered out from the darkened shore, and a low feline snarl caused the oarsmen to pull nervously at their paddles. The mosquitoes poured in on them in swarms, while the very darkness at times was luminous with myriads of fireflies, that darted from tree to tree, or for an instant settled in countless numbers among the varnished leaves, and then with a million throbs of light swept like a jeweled signal lamp along the surface of the watery trail.

"By George!" muttered Beach. "It is fairyland!"

The exclamation caused the Panglima to raise his head and glance to the right and left. The steersman caught his eye and spoke quietly to the oarsmen. The rowing almost ceased. One sampan after another passed, and gradually, without exciting remark, they took their place in the rear of the flotilla. Then the men lay back on their oars, and let the current carry them silently down the stream.

The faint, waxen glimmer of the rising moon found its way through the massy leaves, just making distinguishable the great boles of the encompassing trees, and dimming the corruscant lights of their convoy of fireflies.

The Panglima leaned over toward the prisoners and said, "I am very sorry that I am forced to request you to let me blindfold you for a very few minutes."

Wahpering alone was bound hand and foot, and thrown down into the bottom of the boat. The prau turned swiftly around and headed down the stream. Then it stopped again, and they felt it turn once more against the current.

The Panglima whispered, "Lower your heads." The boat crushed slowly through a tangle of damp foliage, and a fresh, cool breeze fanned their faces.

They had emerged from the river and were in an open stream. The trees were tall and straight, and free from underbrush. The crescent moon played in checkered spots among their dim aisles and covered the narrow river with a delicate tracery of sheen and shadow.

The chief removed the bandages with well worded apologies.

"This is much pleasanter than the river?" he queried.

"Much," answered the Doctor, inhaling a deep breath of the cool night air: "that river was like a cavern; the smoke of the torches would have asphyxiated me in another hour. But is it out of place to ask where we are going with all this secrecy?"

"Not at all. I am taking you to new fields and

woods to conquer. To my summer house, if I may speak of a summer resort in this land of perpetual summer. I call it Sandringham. As you are not an Englishman, you will not resent it."

"I should think you would be the one to resent it," laughed the Doctor, quite contented at the thought of the plandocks, the musangs, the boars, the tigers, and possibly the elephants, he would bag.

The Panglima handed them a case of manilas and lit one himself.

"O, we feel no real ill-will toward the English, so do not object to adopting their names and customs. They are a great improvement over the Dutch, as masters. We were robbed under them and driven to the sea. The Dutch are to blame for the somewhat sanguinary reputation that we have as a race. It is a wonder why your great nations of the earth allow such a hard, grasping, cruel little nation to hold and ruin such beautiful islands as Java and Sumatra. I don't love the English; they are vain-glorious, conceited, and bigoted: but they have some excuse for being so. The Dutch I despise and hate. Look at Acheen —"

Suddenly the boat paused.

The Panglima sprang up.

"I have quite forgotten myself. I must ask you to put on your bandages once more."

In a half hour the keel grated on a muddy shore. The Chief took the Doctor's hand, and aided first him and then Beach to alight.

After an hour's hard walk along a rough jungle path, they emerged once more into the cool night air. Torches flashed in their faces, and a sound of

hurrying footsteps and a low hum of voices reached their ears. The deep baying of a pack of hounds blended with the shrill soprano of female voices and the rougher tones of their guides.

The two were left standing for some moments, as though forgotten in the general *mêlée*. The Doctor's hand sought that of his companion and gave it a reassuring shake.

Suddenly their bandages were stripped off from behind, and they found themselves in the midst of a scene so strange and fantastic that they could hardly believe their eyes. It was all too much like a bit of the Arabian Nights Enchantment, to step from the heart of a Malayan forest into the midst of far-reaching lawns, dimly lighted tennis courts, and walks and roads that might have been on an English country place.

The moon was shining athwart the tops of the massive jungle that towered like a wall on all sides. Just out of its shadow rose a great attap bungalow, built up ten feet from the ground, and surrounded on all sides by wide-spreading verandas. A mammoth banyan tree stood at one side of the structure, and the veranda, which ran out and enclosed it, seemed to cover fully a half acre. The pendent roots of the tree reached down through the platform like a maze of rustic pillars. Reflecting lamps and painted glass Chinese lanterns hung from this natural ceiling over a table spread with costly plate and glass.

Removed from the central bungalow, and partly wrapped in the shadow of the forest, were the dim outlines of several smaller bungalows. A huge

bonfire was burning in the plaza before the house and lights danced among the trees.

A swiftly flying night-jar dashed close to Beach's face, and the harsh cries of awakening peacocks recalled the prisoners from their absorption.

"Well, I'll be shot!" ejaculated the astonished World's Fair Commissioner.

"So—so'll—I!" echoed the man of science, dropping the monocle in his effort to recover his senses.

"Sandringham, gentlemen. Welcome to the home of your humble servant, the Panglima Muda of Jempol!"

As neither answered, he went on: "May I show you to your rooms? I am going to invite you to a late dinner tonight. So will you kindly find your way out on to the veranda, under the banyan tree, when the gong sounds. Never mind the dress suit," he finished smilingly. "*Au revoir!*"

A guard conducted them with a surly "*Mari,*" (Come,) up the ladder, across the elastic veranda to the door of two small rooms that opened into each other, with partitions of attap heavily hung with Japanese draperies. The floor was of a black hard wood, oiled until every light or object cast flickering shadows along its gleaming surface.

Their boxes were awaiting them and their clothes were laid out on the bed.

"Humph!" assented the Doctor, as he ran his eyes over the lot. "Not a bottle broken!"

Beach threw off his soiled suit of linen and with a sigh of pleasure pushed aside the bamboo chicks that concealed an alcove bath room, and commenced

showering himself with tins of water from the cool, small-necked Shanghai jar.

As the first douche of water fell with a splash on the open floor and down through it into the darkness below, he heard a muttered exclamation of wrath and a quick step. He whistled softly to himself, and went on with his bath.

As they stepped across the dimly lighted drawing-room that ran through the center of the house, Beach tripped over a heavy rug, and his hands came down on the key-board of a grand square piano, a discordant crash breaking the stillness of the room. Without a moment's hesitation he seated himself before this latest surprise, and commenced running over bits of the latest operas, popular songs, and waltzes.

The Doctor, whose taste for music never went beyond the "Star-Spangled Banner," or "Marching Through Georgia," looked curiously at the piano, and passed out on to the veranda.

"Let me know when the gong sounds," Beach shouted after him, and plunged into the woful tale of Johnnie Jones and his Sister Sue.

The folds of the drapery rustled in the far end of the room. The heavy odor of Arab-essence filled the air. The draperies seemed to swell and fill out, as though some one was pressing against them. Once a shapely brown hand grasped a curtain, and drew it quickly to one side. Beach rather felt than knew that several pairs of eyes were watching him from the protecting darkness of the softly swaying hangings, and it excited him to dash from one brilliant instrumental to another.

"If I'm playing to his Nibbs's harem," he thought, "I'll have them all out here waltzing in another five minutes."

Forgetting himself in the execution of a difficult passage of music, he neglected for a moment the shadowy forms to watch the keyboard. Something white lay at his feet and attracted his attention. He stooped and picked it up. It was a small cambric handkerchief. In one corner was written in a fine hand, "Gladys Mead."

The deep, clear tones of the gong came booming up from below. Crushing the handkerchief in his hand he stepped out on to the veranda. The blood surged to his head, and an unaccountable excitement took possession of him. He could barely control his voice as he addressed some commonplace to his host. The Panglima regarded him intently, and waved his hand gracefully toward the table.

They dined under the great banyan tree, and the cooling swish of the broad punkah. It was an ideal night, and a perfectly served dinner. The Doctor almost forgot his humiliating position, and allowed himself the luxury of a time-worn joke, at which the Panglima laughed politely.

Beach was preoccupied. The finding of the handkerchief had altered the course of his plans. He had thought only of his own safety,—now he must think of that of another. He was in the same house with the kidnaped girl. She was probably listening at that moment to their laughter and talk,—wondering whether they were friends or foes, dreading the hour when they should finish, living a whole life of anguish while they calmly mixed their curry

and sipped their claret. All his chivalrous instincts were up in arms. He could hardly retain his seat during the platitudes of his companion and the polite rejoinders of their host. At times he felt that he must spring to his feet, and demand an explanation and the girl's release. And then he thought sardonically of what the answer would be.

He worked his hand softly into his pocket, and felt the delicate threads of the handkerchief.

"Your fair owner may come high, but we must have her!" he muttered inwardly, clothing his heroic resolve in the expressive slang of the day.

"The Queen!" proposed the Panglima, rising, and the three men emptied their glasses in unison.

VII.

THREE weeks had passed since that eventful ball at the Residency.

The time seemed like one long, horrible nightmare to Gladys Mead. She had hardly realized what was occurring during the journey that followed her capture. She had sunk from one half conscious state to another. She dimly remembered the regular splash of paddles, of being placed in a litter, of the springy motion and long, rapid strides of her bearers, of a moon high above her, and of her thankfulness to some one who sat over her and fanned her for hours at a time.

When she awoke for a moment on a bed in a strangely beautiful room, the kind brown face of the fanner was bending over her, trying to make her drink from a cup. She only realized that it was night, and that she was very tired. She drank from the cup and turned on her pillow.

THE sun shining through a low, barred window across from her bed fell full on her face, and she raised herself and looked about her in wondering surprise.

A young Malay girl, dressed simply in a silken sarong and kabaya, opened the door of the mosquito-house, approached noiselessly, and then impulsively knelt down and kissed her hand.

"I am Maida," she whispered, in the soft, liquid accents of her people.

Gladys gazed inquiringly into the sweet young face. She saw that the girl's teeth were unfiled, and her lips unstained with betel-nut, and asked weakly,—

“You are not a wife?”

“No,” she answered, blushing through her brown skin. “I am to be married in two months to His Highness the Crown Prince. I am the sister of Omar, the Panglima Muda of Jempol,” she finished, raising her head proudly.

“The sister of Omar Rahman!” exclaimed Gladys, springing to her feet. “Is this his house?”

“Yes,” replied the girl, looking up, her eyes filled with mingled surprise and admiration.”

“Yes,” she repeated, “this is Sandringham. Dress and come with me. It is very lovely.”

“Where is Omar? Who brought me here?” she demanded fiercely.

“I do not know. Hadji Mat, the punghulo, said they found you in a boat floating on the river. Were you?”

“Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I must have been!” And she sank back on the bed, the tears rushing into her eyes.

“Don't cry,” crooned Maida, gathering up the mass of black hair that fell over the girl's shoulders, and touching the damp cheeks with her brown fingers. “Don't cry. When Omar comes he will take you home, or —” and she paused and clapped her hands. “You are very beautiful. Maybe he will love you and marry you, and then you will be my sister. I will ask him.”

“Marry me!” the sobbing ceased in an instant.

"Never: I have told him no, over and over." A look of hate and defiance came into her eyes.

The maid shrunk from her. Gladys put out her hand, but the girl only drew farther back. Her great brown eyes seemed to burn.

"You have said no to Omar! You call Omar a villain. Omar shall not marry you. I will tell him, and he will make you his mistress. You shall live with Fatima, Zella, Kisha, and the rest, and they will paint your white skin and dress you in a sarong, and tear your black eyes out. I will call Mamat, and you will see!"

She sprang toward the door.

"Maida," said Gladys beseechingly, "come back. Forgive me. I am very sad. Be good to me. I danced with Omar at the Residency. He could not have done this!"

Maida paused irresolutely. Curiosity triumphed, and she came back.

"Did you dance with Omar? O how I should love to. When I am married to Prince Abdullah I shall give a ball at the *Istana*, and you shall come and dance with Omar. You shall dance with Abdullah, if—if—you promise not to make love to him."

Maida was the prisoner's daily companion. Save for the servants that brought their meals, and Mamat the eunuch, who accompanied them on their walks, she saw no one. They roamed at will over the big bungalow, played tennis after the sun had lost some of its fierce intensity, dined on the veranda under the curious old banyan tree, and spent hours before the piano in the dimly lighted drawing-room. Zella, Fatima, and the women, would



MAIDA WAS HER DAILY COMPANION.

glide noiselessly along the veranda, and listen from behind the bamboo chicks, and glide away as noiselessly as they came.

The grounds of the great compound outside had been laid out by the *Kebun Besar* of the Sultan's gardens at Pekan. Softly mottled crotons, whose leaves were a perpetual reminder of the maples in the autumn at the old Rectory at home; bourgainvillias,—one vivid mass of solferino; hibiscus, convolvulus, and alamander bushes, dotted the beautifully kept lawns, and stood out in grateful relief to the dark green background of the jungle.

A row of flamboyants and spathodias lined the circling walks and littered the red earth with their red petals.

It was a botanic chaos. Banyan and sacred war-ingham trees, covering great stretches of ground, dropped their fantastic roots into the steaming earth like living stalactites. Ponds were covered with the sacred lotus, blue lilies, and the flesh-colored cups of the superb *Victoria Regia*. Monkeys swung from the rope-like tendrils of the rubber vines, and spotted deer gamboled beneath the shade of the mango trees. The heavy odors of the gardenia and the dragon orchid filled the air, and mingled with the perfumes that came sweeping from a plantation of pepper, coffee, and pineapples.

For a week Gladys almost forgot her troubles in the surprise of her surroundings. She convinced herself that she had really been picked up by Omar's men, that perhaps she had been rescued by them from the dreaded Orang Kayah and brought here for safe keeping, that her brother would soon

join her and take her back. She even felt a twinge of remorse at her treatment of the Panglima.

She could never marry him. She had only been nice to him to please her father. She hated his selfish, oily, catlike ways, and yet he had been very kind to them. Sometimes she would sit for hours and dream of what her life would be as his wife, and then with a shudder of disgust would go to the piano and play until the hateful dreams had passed.

Maida humored her fair companion's spells of despondency, and in her own simple mind ascribed them to a secret longing for Omar's presence.

The Panglima appeared before them one day, as they were seated on the veranda playing with a pet *wah wah*. She looked up and smiled sweetly, while Maida ran and threw her arms about her brother's neck. He came close up to Gladys's side, and stroked the silken head of the monkey.

"Is my brother here?"

"No," he answered briefly, looking steadily down into her face.

She blushed angrily under his gaze and arose.

"Have you come to take me back?"

"Are you not contented here?" he asked, ignoring her question.

She looked at him in amazement, her eyes flashing, her lips quivering with excitement. "Contented here?" she echoed. "Please explain yourself!"

He glanced uneasily from her to his sister.

"You may go, Maida. Will you come into the drawing room, Gladys?"

"No! Don't call me Gladys. You presume on a childish acquaintance. Explain yourself here."

"As you will!" he answered, speaking slowly with a distinctness that caused the girl to listen in spite of herself.

"Your lightest wish has always been my law. I brought you here—"

"O, you brought me here!" she sneered. "I did not credit you with so much courage. Proceed, pray."

"I brought you here where you could be away from the influence of that gossiping station,—with its old women, disgruntled men, and beardless subalterns. I brought you here where I could have your society once more as in the days when we were school children together. I hoped that once away from lying tongues you would look kindly on my suit and leave here as — my wife."

The girl staggered back and threw up her hands as though to protect herself. The blood left her face as she stood looking into the eager, cruel eyes before her; then she sank down on a bamboo seat and broke into an uncontrollable flood of weeping.

"As your wife! — Never — I would rather — die!"

The silver wah wah pressed close to his mistress's skirts and chattered and whistled with fright.

The Panglima's hand sought the handle of his kris, and then with a muttered curse grasped the leg of the pet, and with a lightning-like movement dashed his brains out against the bole of the great banyan.

A week later he came to her again, and told her of a battle with the English, of how he had captured two Americans, whom he promised to bring to Sandringham to enliven her visit.

She listened with averted face and downcast eyes, until suddenly in a burst of passion he grasped her hand, bore it to his lips, and pleaded for her love with a fervor that overwhelmed her. He turned from pleading to threats and from threats to entreaties, with a rapidity that allowed no answer.

Once she had tried to escape. She found the entrance of a path that led into the jungle. It was well hidden by a network of rubber vines and a great bourgainvillia bush. Without a moment's thought she darted into it, while her companion's back was turned, and ran on and on down a long, dusky aisle until she arrived breathless and faint at the shore of a narrow river. Nothing but the black mud-covered form of a crocodile sleeping in the sun could she see on either bank. The path ended in the river and the impenetrable sides of the jungle.

She sat down and pressed her hands to her burning face. A feeling of utter despair came over her, which for the first time made her almost long for death, so hopeless did it seem for her to try to hold out against the powerful chief who was determined to make her his wife. She could not weep, only rock back and forth and call over and over,—"My brother—I want my brother—where is my brother?"

So she sat for an hour until the eunuch came and raised her and carried her back to her room.

Afterwards the days had been passed in moody silence. Plans of escape were constantly in her mind. Her little companion despaired in her attempts to make her cheerful, and would leave her alone for hours at a time.



DASHED HIS BRAINS OUT AGAINST THE BOLE OF THE GREAT BANYAN.

The arrival of the Americans had brought fresh hope. She had seen the flare of torches that announced their approach and had heard the loud orders. She had caught glimpses of dark forms, and her heart had throbbed wildly when she found that they were to be domiciled in the same bungalow with herself, only to have it sink with a sickening foreboding, as the gay ball-room airs came floating to her ears from the dimly lighted drawing-room.

"A prisoner would never play like that," she thought, as she pressed her face close to the bars of her window.

She watched them at dinner until she saw one of them arise and go staggering across the veranda; then she drew back with a shudder of disgust, threw herself on her bed and tried to sleep, fearing the Panglima, flushed with wine, would come to renew his entreaties.

A moment later Maida entered, and went softly across the heavily rugged floor.

"Lady sleep?" she asked quietly, as she stood gazing tenderly on the pallid face and closely shut eyes of the prisoner.

Going to the night lamp she turned it down and went as quietly out, leaving the door ajar.

VIII.

IF IT would have aided the fair prisoner's cause to have sprung on the Chief, as he sat back in his chair smoking his choice manila and listening with a smile to the Doctor's garrulous talk, Beach would not have hesitated. At times it was with difficulty that he restrained himself.

The Doctor at the end of one of his long stories suddenly blurted out,—

"Oh, I say, Chief, what have you done with that girl you were telling us about?"

The Panglima glanced quickly at Beach and noted his expectant look, and said slowly, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar,—

"Married her."

"Ho! Ho!" shouted the Doctor, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes sparkling from the effects of the wine.

"So the minx could n't resist you, hey! They're all alike, Chief,—hic!—all alike, only want a little —hic!—urging." And the Doctor rose unsteadily from the table.

"Why don't you—hic!—congratulate him,—hic!—Commissioner? Can't you present me—hic!—to what do you call her?—hic!—Mrs. Panglima?" —he went on, steadying himself on the railing of the veranda. "Sh—No?—hic!—well, then, guten Abend,—I—hic!—feel a little shaky. By-by —hic!"

The Panglima laughed, and nodded good night.

Beach did not look up. He felt mortified and outraged, that his old, cool-headed companion should play so easily into the enemy's hands.

"The boasting old fool!" he muttered, as he drew fiercely at his cigar and gazed out into the night. "He is not even a gentleman."

The Doctor stumbled into the great drawing-room, talking and hiccoughing to himself. As he passed a divan in a darkened corner he dropped down on it and listened. He heard some one speaking in Malay behind the curtains. Then the speaker parted them and came softly through, and passed so closely that the skirt of her sarong brushed his knees, out on to the veranda and down the ladder.

In an instant the Doctor was on his feet, and had drawn off his boots. Tiptoeing to his own room, he stood them up by the side of the door, and then felt his way carefully among the mass of furniture to the end of the room. Opening the curtains that stood in his way, he found himself in a darkened vestibule, at the opposite side of which a slightly opened door allowed a feeble line of light to escape. He moved slowly toward it, examining the passage carefully, foot by foot. Once the harsh cry of a parrot, from a cage over his head, caused him to crouch among the folds of the silken drapery.

As he neared the door, and his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, he perceived that what he had taken for a rug was the body of a sleeping Malay stretched across the threshold. The blade of his kris shone dully in the line of light. It had fallen from his hand.

"Humph! I'll take that little weapon, in case of

accidents, and add it to my Smithsonian collection," muttered the Doctor, as he stepped over the sleeper and pushed open the door.

The light from a heavily shaded lamp behind an Indian screen revealed a mosquito-house at one end of the room, while it blended the rugs, screens, divans, and book-case, in the other end into one composite mass. He did not hesitate, but went directly toward the lamp to the door of the mosquito-house, and peered in.

He could just distinguish the gracefully rounded outlines of a sleeping form, and hear its soft, regular breathing.

For a moment he stood irresolute, with his hand on the latch.

"I'm an old man and she'll forgive me, I reckon," and he took down his monocle slowly, pressed his kindly old face to the netting, and whispered,—

"Miss Mead, Miss Mead!"

The form stirred uneasily.

"The deuce! I hope she does n't scream."

The Doctor paused and wiped away a few drops of perspiration that had gathered on his forehead.

"If she does, I'll have to play drunk again. Miss Mead!"—he repeated more distinctly,— "Miss Mead! It is a friend."

The girl sprang up and reached for a kimono that was thrown across a chair by her side.

"Is it you, Maida?" she asked with a frightened quaver in her voice.

"S-s-h, Miss Mead," whispered the Doctor again, "do not speak aloud. I am Doctor Poultney, a fellow-prisoner. I have stolen in to tell you that we

know of your d— barbarous confinement, and to tell you to be ready when we come to rescue you.”

Gladys gasped.

“Rescue me! O, you must leave the room. You will be killed! How did you get by the guard? Is that not Omar’s voice outside? O, leave me!”

The Doctor turned his head discreetly to one side as the hysterical girl buried her face in her bare arms.

“There, there, there,—little dear,” he answered soothingly. “Don’t worry—that is, not out loud,” and he glanced uneasily at the door.

“I came by the guard all right, and here is his tooth-pick. Now—now—that’s right,—I must go. Don’t forget.”

“But how can you rescue me?” sobbed the girl.

“Never you mind, little one. You just dry those pretty eyes and leave that to us. We are Americans, and we’ll know all about it by tomorrow night.”

“O I must tell you,—I am so glad I thought. Behind the great bourgainvillia that stands close to the jungle opposite the front of the bungalow is the only path out. It is the one you came by. I found it one day and tried to escape, but it came to an end on the bank of a river, and there was no boat.”

A snore from outside caused them to cease and listen.

“How can I get out of here? The room is barred and a Malay lies before the door night and day.”

“And sleeps,” commented the Doctor dryly. “O, we will find a way.” And he stepped across the

floor to the low window and laid his hand on the bars.

"They are only wood. Have you a knife?"

She shook her head.

"Well, here is mine. I'll trust you to make the best use of it. Now good night. My name is Jonas Poultney, Ph. D., representing the Smith —"

The men outside on the veranda pushed their chairs back from the table, and the Panglima said distinctly, so that they both heard:—

"Good night. I will find a bungalow that you can have all to yourselves, in the morning. I think you will find it pleasanter. Embrace Herr Doctor for me."

"The dev—I beg pardon," exclaimed the Doctor excitedly, "that complicates matters. Never mind, brace—that is to say, cheer up." And he slipped out the door and over the Malay hurriedly, for fear he should commit further lapses of speech.

As he moved along the wall of the drawing room he unbuttoned his vest, disarranged his collar, and then threw himself on the divan that was directly in line with Beach's return.

"Hello!" growled the younger man, "the old fool was n't able to get to his bed!"

The Doctor hiccoughed strenuously, arose with a show of dignity, and staggered into his room.

"I have seen her," he whispered between hiccoughs, as Beach helped him off with his coat.

"Keep it up," he cautioned, with a warning kick and a glance at the open spaces in the floor beneath.

"Yes, I've seen her. She's as pretty as a picture! Told her we'd stand by her like true Amer-

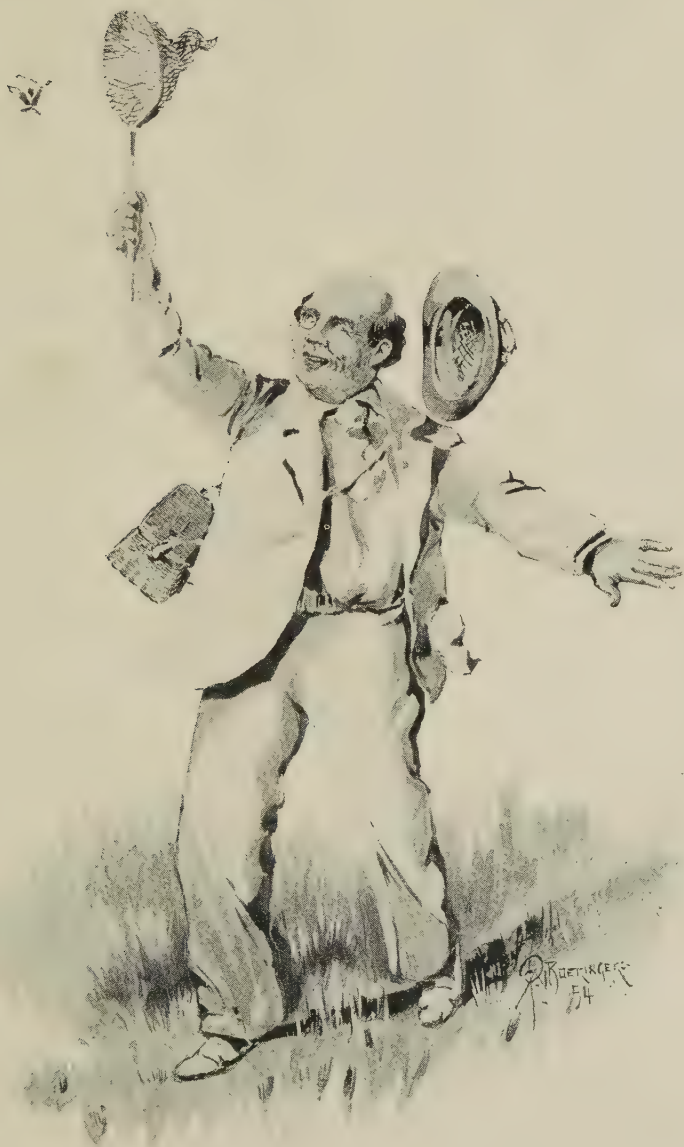
icans. There — there. No questions now! I'm tired, if I'm not drunk!" And in spite of all the younger man's impatience he threw off his clothes, and disappeared under the silken meshes of his mosquito curtain.

IX.

THE next morning Beach and the Doctor were transferred to a small, well furnished bungalow on the edge of the jungle, some two hundred yards from the Istana. All of their arms, even to their pocket-knives, were taken, after which they were allowed to roam at will, always accompanied by an armed attendant. The Doctor took advantage of every minute to acquaint himself with the little plantation, to mark the site of the bourgainvillia that hid the entrance to the jungle, and to devise a plan of operations, in case an opportunity occurred for their escape. Day after day, during the Panglima's absence, he botanized, and collected beetles, spiders, and ants, seemingly oblivious of his surroundings.

Beach chafed at his companion's attitude, and grew moodier as the days went by without bringing any hope of release. The Doctor only smiled at his sulky comments, and as soon as the heat of the day was spent, would take his hand-net and sally gayly forth, to chase a great Atlas moth or a brilliantly hued butterfly. The guard soon grew tired of trying to follow his zig-zag wanderings, and would squat and watch his charge from afar, oft-times falling asleep in the shade for a few minutes, to awake with a start, only to find him returning triumphantly with some rare leaf insect.

During one of these temporary lapses, the Doctor explored the mouth of the jungle path, and dur-



THE DOCTOR ON A SCOUT.

ing another, he was approached by Wahpering, who whispered : —

“The Panglima come back one week. A friend hide boat up river for Tuans. When Panglima come back and ask Tuans dinner, kill him and run. Boat ready.”

Beach had won his guard's confidence as much by his listlessness and indifference as the Doctor had by his activity. He, too, had examined the jungle path to no great purpose, and once he had been so near the window of the fair prisoner's room as to detect a white face pressed against its bars. He took from his pocket her little handkerchief and waved it encouragingly. An answering flutter repaid him for the danger, and made his heart beat faster and his lips close with a firmer determination.

When they discussed Wahpering's plan of escape, Beach was eager to adopt it, even to strike down the Chief himself, but the Doctor shook his head.

“It is all right, Commissioner, as far as it goes, but it strikes me as lacking in details,—*par exemple*, who is to take charge of the fifty Malay soldiers and workmen that are scattered about the grounds, and where does the guard come in? I am fearful that we should be a unknown quantity before the close of the engagement, and that the World's Fair would be without an exhibit from Malaya. No, we must give it more detail.”

“I thought you were once in favor of storming an entire Malay fort single-handed,” answered Beach doggedly.

"I was young and hot-headed then, my boy. I have arrived at the years of discretion since. But there, I must see Wahpering again, and tell him to amplify, seeing you have no wit. In the meantime, why not have a friendly game of poker?"

Beach turned angrily on his heel, and strode out of the room.

One evening just at dusk, Wahpering brought a bit of paper concealed in the folds of his sarong. The Doctor opened it and read:—

Omar has returned, bringing as prisoners my brother and Mr. McIlvaine of the Jelebu Company. He threatens to kill them both unless I marry him. Is there no way of escape? Do you think he would dare kill my brother? What shall I do?

GLADYS.

He tore the note in a hundred pieces, and commenced to pace rapidly up and down the floor.

"That settles it. The brute! Kill them?—of course he would,—like dogs."

Beach sat silently with his head between his hands.

"Do you hear, Beach? We have got to storm that darned old castle, stab the Panglima, and carry off the girl. When we release the prisoners there will be five of us. Are you ready?"

"Hardly," answered the younger man, looking up. "It now strikes me that your plan is somewhat lacking in details, also that you are talking rather loud. We have no weapons, and are prisoners in our own house. I am thinking that if we wait for an hour our captor may invite us to dinner, as usual; then I thought, perhaps, that it would be

a good plan to knock his head rather strong with a wine bottle, gag and bind him, set fire to the bungalow, and while the guards and that sweet little Maida are screaming for help, and Wahpering is shouting that the Panglima is being roasted, we might escape in the general confusion. In the meantime, as you are fond of saying, it would be a good idea to notify Wahpering of our plans, and have him see that the promised boat is O. K."

"Look here, Beach," almost shouted the Doctor, grasping his hand. "It's wrong to spring that all on a fellow at once. Take the lead. I go back to the ranks!"

Beach smiled patronizingly.

"O, you're all right, Doctor, but you lack practicability. You let your fresh young blood get the better of your maturer judgment. Wonder you haven't been scalped long ago."

"O you go to!" muttered the Doctor, bristling up. "Who do you suppose this McIlvaine is? A lover?"

"More than likely," answered Beach dryly, as he went out to seek Wahpering.

"Humph! Strikes me that everybody around here is either in love or crazy. If this ever gets in the papers they will have me, Jonas Poultney, on my knees before one of these brown-eyed women that I see flitting about after dark. I wash my hands of the whole love-sick lot."

When the Panglima returned he went directly to Gladys's room and entered without knocking.

The girl did not arise from the divan, only

glanced up coldly at the intruder. He came rapidly forward, and drew up a stool at her feet and looked into her face.

"Gladys," he said hurriedly, as though he feared to be interrupted, "you know how I love you. I have gone over and over with my story until you are tired of it. I know it is useless to repeat. There are some things, however, that you do not know, and which I hoped you would never know, but you force me to tell them. You do not know that this war was instigated by me on your account. You do not know that indirectly you are responsible for all the deaths that take place during it. You do not know that it will continue just so long as you refuse to be my wife. You do not know that Pekan is in danger, that all the white women in the state have fled to Singapore for safety, that the Sultan is on my side, and that the Governor has refused to take active measures to put down the uprising. You have it in your power to stop the war, to save numberless lives and thousands of dollars worth of property. Will you?"

Gladys did not answer, feeling instinctively that she had not heard the worst.

The Panglima strove to take her hand. She drew it away angrily.

The Chief sprang to his feet and struck a Japanese table loaded with costly bric-a-brac with his clenched fist.

The girl drew back with a look of disgust.

"Do you refuse to marry me? Do you make yourself responsible for all this loss of life and treasure?"

She did not answer.

Suddenly he paused in front of her, and looking into her face, hissed,—

“And for your brother’s life?”

The girl sprang to her feet and grasped his arm convulsively.

“My brother! What! have you my brother in your power too? Answer me! Is this why you took us from England?” Then she broke weakly down, and buried her head in the cushions of the divan.

The Chief waited until the passion of her sobbing had spent itself, and then said :—

“Yes, your brother is here. I found him with our friend, McIlvaine, just entering the Samantan. He had left Temerloh in the morning. As they were in search of you, I took the liberty of bringing them direct.”

“Dear Tom,” she sobbed. “I knew he would not leave me. Can I see him?” she sued pleadingly, her pride completely broken.

“Yes,” he answered, smiling exultantly, “when I can present you as my promised wife.”

“No! Let him go. I will not see him!”

The Chief saw the look that filled the girl’s beautiful face at the mention of his suit, and turned his head to escape it.

“Gladys,” he said softly, kneeling by her side, “if by marrying me you could save your brother from a great peril, would you say yes?— If it were the only way you could save his life?— answer me.”

Gladys raised herself slowly, and pushing back the hair that had fallen about her face, stared at him

wildly, hardly seeming to grasp the full meaning of his threat.

He repeated, "If it were the only means of saving his life?"

"What!" she gasped, "do you mean that you would murder him?"

"I mean that you must make your choice. I will leave you to decide," and bowing low he pressed her limp hand to his lips, and left.

As the horror of her situation dawned upon her, her frantic weeping gave place to the one thought that in some way she must see her fellow prisoners, that they might help her.

She strained her eyes, peering into the dusk through the bars, in the direction of their bungalow.

"They will dine with Ömar tonight," she thought, "then I may have a chance."

A Malay outside seemed attracted by her face, and came near. She had become used to the curiosity of the natives, and had learned not to notice it. Suddenly her attention was arrested by a low hiss. It was twice repeated. She listened. It seemed to come from under the bungalow.

Raising the rug on which she was seated, she looked down through the open squares of the bamboo flooring, and detected the outlines of a dark figure directly beneath.

"Mem," came so softly from the darkness, that she had to place her ear to the floor. "You want to send chit to Tuans? I, Tuans' servant — Wah-pering."

"Whether he is or not," she thought, "it can

do no harm," and writing a few hurried lines on a bit of paper, she wrapped it around a weight and dropped it into the native's outstretched hands.

It did not occur to her to question how any one that was friendly could have passed the guards in early twilight, she only felt that she was doing right.

Exactly at seven o'clock, as Beach had predicted, a note bearing the Pahang coat of arms was handed to the Doctor. He looked it over critically, and muttered:—

"An invitation to dine is as good as an order. The King wishes to be amused, and we are the court jesters. *Kasi tabek Tunku!*" he said to the messenger. "That is to say in choice Malay, 'We accept.' I think we have no previous engagement. Hey, Beach!"

As Beach was pulling off his boots preparatory to going to bed after the dinner, despairing of finding an opportunity to carry out his plans of escape, or of aiding their fellow prisoners, he heard a gentle tap on the elastic floor beneath his feet, and a hardly audible "Tuan!"

He recognized Wahpering's voice and bent his head to listen.

"Come quick, *lekas*, with Tuan Doctor out window. Here, *tali*," and he pushed up through the latticework the end of a coil of gamooty rope.

In a moment Beach had made it fast to the bar of the window and dropped it out into the darkness. He felt someone grasp it, and almost at the same time a black head appeared even with the opening.

"Here, knives."

The Doctor took one and Beach the other, and set to work on the wooden bars.

"Hold on," ejaculated the Doctor as he threw his leg over the sill to descend. "You go ahead, Beach. I can't leave behind that new specimen of moth,— belongs to the *pterophorus* family. No reason that it should not have the name of its finder, Poultani,—"

"Out with you!" And Beach crowded the old man through the narrow opening in spite of all his angry efforts to resist.

As they touched the ground, Wahpering placed in the hands of each a kris, and whispered as he nodded toward a log-like object that lay at their feet: "Soldier die. Guns in boat. Come." And without waiting for their questions, he dropped on his hands and knees and commenced to crawl rapidly toward the lights of the big bungalow.

As they neared the tendril roots of the banyan tree he motioned them to lie flat and wait; then raising himself, he darted within the shadow of the veranda.

In ten minutes he returned as rapidly and silently as he had left.

"Come, my brother on guard. Other guard die."

At the foot of the great tree they found a rope ladder hanging from above. Wahpering motioned them to ascend while he held it from swinging. Reaching the platform of the veranda by dropping from the overhanging limbs, they waited again, while the old headman crawled off toward the light that streamed from Gladys's room.

They could hear distinctly the tones of the Pang-

lima's voice — sometimes calm and low, at others, high and impassioned, and the girl's broken sobs and replies.

"This is hell," whispered the Doctor, "to have to stand and listen to that villain browbeat that helpless girl."

Beach ground his teeth, and peered impatiently out into the night.

"Here he comes," he replied, as Wahpering loomed into sight. "It's our innings now!"

Inch by inch, flat on their faces, they worked along the platform, stopping at every sound, listening for every bark of the hounds or call of the guards as they made their distant rounds, until they gained a position outside the low window where they could see and hear everything that took place within.

For the moment the glare blinded them, and they only half realized the significance of the scene before them.

The Panglima stood over the cowering girl, his face almost ashy under its flush of vivid red. The scar on his forehead stood out like a blot of blood over his eye. The diamonds in the handle of his kris and the diamonds on his hands flashed like sparks of fire in the dilated eyes of the watchers.

Standing against the wall with their feet bound, and guarded on either side by Malays with drawn krisses, were the girl's brother and McIlvaine. The reflection of the Persian hanging lamp fell full upon them.

One was tall and fair, with broad shoulders and well developed muscles. His handsome, open face,

which told of his kinship to the girl, was filled with a quiet subdued determination. His attitude, as he leaned against the frail partition, was easy, almost careless. The other came just up to his shoulder; his head was stretched forward, and his dark, expressive eyes were filled with a fire of love that his watchers could not mistake. He had bitten his lip until a drop of blood shone against the whiteness of his skin. The veins of his neck and forehead seemed to swell out like whipcords and the fingers of his hands worked nervously against the sides of his shooting jacket.

Beach felt a soft touch on his arm and turned his eyes reluctantly from their faces.

Wahpering placed his lips close to his ear and said: "Stay. No move. I come. Go see my brother ready to kill guard in house. No move. Promise?"

Beach nodded hurriedly. He was listening to the words that came to him from within.

"O, my God! My God, what shall I do? Tom, help me to say yes." She looked beseechingly toward the fair-haired man.

"Tell me to say yes, Tom, my brother. Tell me to say yes. I am so weak and selfish. O, I hate him so. I cannot, I cannot, but I must. He will kill you if I do not marry him. O, let me die!"

Frantic with grief she threw herself on the floor, and dragging herself on her knees before the Chief clasped her arms about his legs and kissed his feet.

"O, Omar, I pray you. I beseech you. Let my brother go. Say you will not kill him. If you love me, have pity on me. I will pray for you always. I will be your slave. What have I done —"

"Gladys," spoke her brother, "get up. You forget that you are at the feet of a nigger. Tell you to say yes, and become the wife of a black outlaw to save my life! Never! Let him kill me if he dare. He is a bravo and a coward. Life is not so dear to me that I would buy it with my sister's honor."

The Panglima did not move. His hand tightened on the handle of his kris.

"Dare?" he laughed, "you shall see, but not until I have had my answer. Come, girl," he went on. "Is it yes, or your brother's life?" and his eyes gleamed with hatred and murder.

Slowly he raised his arm. The light fell upon the blue-black blade of the kris. He drew close up to the man until the knife's keen point touched his neck.

The girl watched his passion-distorted face with a strange, bewildered fascination. She could not speak. A weird hypnotic influence stole over her. Beach felt it and rubbed his eyes. The tragedy before him did not seem real. It was like some powerful play.

The Panglima pressed the point of the kris into the yielding flesh, and a tiny rivulet of blood ran down the victim's bared throat.

With a cry of fright the girl threw herself at the Malay's feet.

"Omar, Omar, I will. O, I —"

"Will — not!" came in low, distinct tones.

"Omar, do not listen. I will —"

"I tell you he dare not strike. He knows the power of the British arm?"

The Doctor, in his absorption, had worked close up under the window, and lay partially in the light, with his hands on the wooden bars.

"Dare not, again!" hissed the Chief. "I am not through with you yet, or I would strike you down like a dog."

"If you are in the habit of murdering British subjects, possibly you have no further use for me," sneered McIlvaine, his lips twitching with suppressed emotion. "I say you are a sneak, a coward, and a renegade,—lashing yourself into a fury to frighten a half-crazed girl and amuse two bound men. I challenge you to strike!"

The Panglima trembled.

"Ha! Ha! the braggart. Must I spit in his face!"

With a yell of fury the Chief sprang forward. His kris flashed in the lamplight, the jewels in its handle sent out a momentary circle of light, the double-edged blade sank into the heart of the intrepid man, and he fell without a groan.

In his excitement the Doctor forgot his caution, and wrenched at the bars of the window with a strength born of the scene before him, and as the murderer leaned forward to draw the kris from the dying man, one of the bars and then another dropped off into his hands.

Even in his mad haste he noticed that they had been cut nearly through with a small knife, and that a cloth had been wound cunningly about the notches.

The fearless old man had his hand on the Chief's throat, and had thrown him on his back almost be-

fore Beach realized that his way was free into the room.

"O, you black scoundrel! You liar, you murderer, you Apache!" thundered the Doctor, his rage almost drowning his voice. "So you thought you were master out here in the jungle, did you?" And the relentless hand closed tighter and tighter on the Panglima's throat.

The two guards, who for the moment had stood motionless with amazement, sprang with a yell to the rescue of their Chief.

As the foremost raised his hand to strike, Wahpering glided from behind the silken hanging of the doorway and drove his kris beneath the man's uplifted arm. At the same instant Beach bounded through the window across the room, and struck the remaining guard full in the face with his powerful fist.

Wahpering snatched his bloody knife from the body of his victim, and raised it a second time with a look of cruel satisfaction on his scarred and withered face.

"No more rattan Wahpering. Allah is good!"

The Panglima saw the look on the headman's distorted features, and heard his words. He knew that he had nothing to expect but death, and for the first time he struggled to release the Doctor's grip on his throat.

Wahpering waited calmly until he had exhausted himself, taking a grim delight in the fruitless battle.

"Hold quiet there, my black beauty!" ejaculated the Doctor, oblivious to all else save the writhings of the prostrate man.

"Keep quiet, now. Anyone would think you saw your ghost," and the Doctor smiled as he glanced in the direction of Beach, who was kneeling by the side of the fainting girl.

"Don't let such little gallantries worry you."

The Chief lay perfectly still, watching Wahpering through half-closed lids.

Suddenly, like a flash, the kris descended. The Panglima was ready for the blow. The Doctor felt the muscles under him harden for an instant, then expand like a mass of rubber, and they had both changed positions by a foot.

The kris made a flesh wound in the Panglima's arm.

"Hold on there!" shouted the Doctor in amazement.

"Catch him, Beach. - Hold on, I say. We want this fellow for a hostage. Ye gods, this is murder!"

Wahpering scowled, lowered the point of his weapon, and turned to the girl's brother, who had been a passive spectator of all that had taken place, and cut his bonds.

"Good, Tuan Doctor. Keep him for hostage. Bind tight,—he worse than snake. Wahpering kill another time. *Lckas*, hurry, boat ready."

"Not while I am around," growled the Doctor, as he lifted the Panglima to his shoulder. "This is no French Revolution. Come on."

Mead took the unconscious form of his sister in his arms and followed.

Kneeling beside McIlvaine, Beach placed his hand on his heart.

"Dead!" he sighed. "The fire won't hurt him,"



THE DARKNESS ABOUT THE BURNING BUNGALOW WAS FULL OF FLYING FORMS.

And then raising the massive table lamp above his head, he threw it with all his strength into a mass of draperies and cushions.

In an instant the room was a furnace of flames.

"Come on!" shouted the Doctor from the veranda. "Now is the time!"

The darkness about the burning bungalow was full of flying forms.

Wahpering's brother had directed the guard to the rear with loud shouts of "*Api, Api*,—fire, fire! The Panglima, — the Panglima!"

The old Punghulo stood at the bottom of the ladder, and guarded the little party from any chance kris strokes.

Sometimes running, sometimes creeping, once fighting their way silently in the darkness with their fists, they gained the jungle path just as the doomed bungalow burst out in a dozen different places, and lit up the little plantation with the brightness of day.

As they paused to get their breath and re-arrange their burdens, they could see the panic-stricken natives swarming up and down the ladder of the burning house, searching for their Chief.

The great banyan tree was wrapped in a maze of flames, that wound and twisted about its branches and roots, and lighted up its varnished leaves. The traveler's palms cast mammoth fanlike shadows on the scorched greensward, while the brilliant color of the flamboyants and crotons seemed to vie with the flames in the intensity of their shading. Bands of monkeys, awakened by the light and heat, mingled their cries with the shrill screams of the women in the zenana close by.

Then for an instant all sounds were drowned in the deep, prolonged roar from the prison of the black lions back of the zénana.

"Looks kinder like a blamed shame, Commissioner," said the Doctor, gazing at the rapidly crumbling building.

"It's only a detail," laughed Beach, his spirits rising as the danger increased. "Forward march, and remember the fate of Lot's wife!"

X.

THE brilliancy of the fire was soon lost as they penetrated into the jungle. The massive trees excluded all light, and only from time to time a breath of wind brought them the heavy, smoky odors of the conflagration.

For an hour they stumbled and felt their way along the narrow path. The thorny rattans caught their clothes and tore their hands and faces.

Gladys had regained consciousness, and was sobbing softly on her brother's shoulder. The Doctor tripped heavily twice and fell, each time refusing doggedly Beach's offer to relieve him of his burden.

"Reckon I can stand it if he can," growled the old man, as he tightened his hold on the prisoner's waist.

The road became rougher, as they proceeded, and their progress slower. Wahpering paused, and took from the folds of his sarong a bit of candle and a box of matches.

"*Lekas!*" (Hurry,) he grunted laconically, and strode on in advance.

Beach grasped the Panglima, in spite of the Doctor's struggles, and followed rapidly in their footsteps.

By the aid of the flickering light they were able to cover the distance between them and the river with comparative ease.

As they reached the bank, the old headman raised his hand.

"*Nanti*," (Wait,) and then, extinguishing the light he dove into the black labyrinth of mangrove roots.

Suddenly Beach felt the Panglima move, and then before he could collect himself, the Chief had wrenched away one of his hands and had fastened it on the astonished man's throat.

He tried to cry out but could not utter a sound.

For a moment the pain bewildered him, and he felt a weakness relax his muscles. The Panglima was struggling silently to release his other hand. The two men swayed back and forth, and then Beach raised his foe in his powerful arms above his head, and threw him with all his strength to the ground at his feet.

At the same instant the deep baying of hounds fell upon his ears, and the dark knife-like outlines of a prau glided up close to the bank.

He groped blindly about for the Panglima, as the others crowded into the boat. The baying of the hounds became more distinct. The Doctor called his name, and he heard Gladys's frightened questions, and then, just as a flickering light became visible between the great boles of the trees, his hand fell upon the cold, upturned face of the Malay.

The nearing torches aided him to see the boat, and with a desperate lunge he dropped the senseless form into the Doctor's upraised arms.

Gladys put out her hand and he took it, and steadied himself over the bank. The pain of his lacerated throat had become intense, and he could barely mumble his thanks.

Wahpering sunk his paddle savagely in the water, and the prau sprang out into the night.



THE TWO MEN SWAYED BACK AND FORTH.

"The dog!" he muttered. "Allah is good!"

No one else spoke; the suddenness of the attack and the nearness of their pursuers kept back the questions that arose to their lips. Only the Doctor growled inarticulately as he bent his back to the oar.

The prau was a large one, designed for eight oarsmen. It had a half deck in its stern, covered by a *cadjang*, or palm-leaf roof. Wahpering's brother sat in the stern, and used his paddle first on one side and then on the other, steering and rowing by turns. The Doctor, Beach, and Mead, each took a paddle and seconded the powerful strokes of the Malay.

It meant death of the most horrible kind to be caught between the narrow banks of this little tributary of the Samantan.

"We must make the river before daylight, or we shall be headed off," said Mead quietly, so that his sister could not hear. "I should not wonder if a party had been sent across country to head us off as we enter the Samantan. It is their only chance unless they have another boat. Still they have no leader, and we can hope for the best."

The barking of the dogs grew fainter and fainter as the prau glided on through the darkness, under the combined efforts of the men.

It took all the Malay's marvelous skill to keep it off the roots and tree trunks that extended down into the water on either side. Once they were saved from running into the bank by a hair's breadth, and once they struck the back of a sleeping crocodile and went entirely over it.

Beach found himself placed next to Gladys Mead. Exhausted with the events of the night she had lain down on the half deck, with the boat-blanket under her head. In spite of his sufferings and the danger of missing a single stroke of his paddle, he could not resist glancing toward her from time to time.

"Are you quite comfortable, Miss Mead?" he ventured.

"Almost," she answered. "I am so glad you spoke, Mr. Beach." Beach blushed with pleasure at the sound of his name on her lips. "I have been wanting to ask you to put this wet handkerchief about your neck. I know it must pain you dreadfully,—a drop of blood fell on my hand as you got in."

Beach wrapped the small damp handkerchief about his throat as he stammered his thanks. He was silent for a moment, and then she asked timidly:—

"What became of Mr. McIlvaine's body? You carried it out of the fire, did n't you?"

Her voice quivered as she finished, and the "did n't you?" was so plaintive that Beach did not hesitate for an instant.

"Yes."

"O, I am so thankful," she went on. "He was always so good and kind to me at the Residency,—and—then—did he not give his life to save my brother?"

While Beach was forming some reply that would turn her thoughts from the horrible scene, she continued as though talking to herself:—

"I thought Omar was about to strike my brother, when he drew the blow to himself by some taunt. O, I am glad he was not left to burn. It was so kind of you!"

Beach turned his face away, for fear that even in the darkness she would see the telltale blush on his face.

He would have given his hand at that moment if he could have truthfully assured the girl that the body of the murdered man was safe out of the flames, but as it was, he inwardly resolved to stick to his meritorious lie, no matter what turned up. He strove to change the subject, and narrated their adventures from the moment they left Singapore until they arrived at Sandringham. The others listened as they talked, and it helped to make them forget their danger, and to lighten the hard labor at the paddles.

"Miss Mead," said Beach, so low that the others could not hear, "I want to return a bit of your property that I picked up under the piano the first night at Sandringham."

"What is it?" she asked curiously.

"Your handkerchief," he replied tragically.

Gladys laughed outright. "You may keep it until we are in safety; then I will ask you for it. By its presence you become my cavalier."

The young man put it back tenderly in his pocket with the mental inquiry, "Wonder if she thinks me an ass?"

Day was just breaking as they came to where the jungle became less dense, and warned them that they were approaching the mouth of the little

stream. Not a sound save the regular splash of their own paddles had broken the stillness since they had left the baying of the hounds behind.

Under the influence of the girl's bright eyes Beach laughed at the thought of pursuit, and in his own mind rather hoped that he would have a chance to prove his right to his new dignity. His high spirits became infectious, and the three young people chatted and joked as they sped along.

Unobserved by them, Wahpering had for the past half-hour been casting quick, searching glances over his shoulder in the direction from which they came; from time to time he bent his head toward the water, as though listening for some expected sound.

The Doctor had, however, noticed his actions with momentarily increasing apprehension.

"What is it, Wahpering?" he asked at last.

"War-prau," laconically replied the Malay.

The Doctor grasped the handle of his paddle with a firmer grip, and glanced furtively down at his Winchester. They were within a hundred yards of the river. The banks of the stream were narrowing and becoming more precipitous.

Wahpering raised his hand. "Slowly! If enemy here, they fill up water."

The Doctor and Beach laid down the paddles and took up their rifles.

Suddenly, with a rapid back-motion of his paddle, Wahpering stopped the prau, and snatched his heavy *parang* from his sarong. He leaned over the side of the boat, and struck at a great rubber vine that had been drawn across their course.

With the echo of the first blow a salvo of yells

broke out from the jungle-covered shores, and a musket ball grazed the head of the old Punghulo.

The Doctor fired into the center of the smoke. A scream of pain followed this report.

"Up with the Chief, Mead!" he shouted, and the stalwart Englishman raised the Panglima from the bottom of the boat, and held him aloft between Wahpering and the shore.

The rubber tendon snapped, and the boat went ahead a few feet and struck another.

The Malays on the banks kept well hidden in the dense jungle, but from time to time a spear or a musket ball would fly past those in the stern.

Wahpering ceased his work, and shouted in his native tongue:—

"Sons of dogs, strike one person in this boat and the Panglima Muda dies. I, the Punghulo Wahpering, am speaking."

The firing ceased, and a few more blows with the heavy knife severed the last of the obstructions.

"Now, boys, all together," shouted the Doctor, bending his short, muscular body to the oar, and the prau shot out into the open waters of the Samantan. "Hip, hip, hurrah!" went on the old man, waving his paddle above his head. "If they get us again it will be after a surprising mortality on their side. Let her go!"

XI.

GLADYS leaned back on her cushions with a sigh of relief, and gazed up through the interlacing boughs at the gradual reddening of the sky.

Beach stole occasional glances at her, as he labored steadily on with his paddle. He had never seen her in broad daylight before, and he noted with quickened pleasure her tall, lithe form, her gracefully poised head, and slender neck. Her mind was filled with thoughts that gave her face a pensive, almost sad, look ; yet there were lines in the corners of her mouth that caused him to wonder, strangely enough, if she would not be as firm in friendship as she had been in war.

She raised her long black lashes sleepily, and looked up into Beach's face with a smile. The color, which her month's captivity had not been able to conquer, came into her cheeks, and communicated itself to those of her admirer. Beach was thinking that if they reached Temerloh they would probably have to give up their expedition into the interior for the present, and that if Mead and his sister went on to Singapore for safety, it might be just as well for him to accompany them ; then he checked himself in surprise at the ease with which his conscience acquitted him of the trust his government had placed in him. At any rate, he excused himself lamely ; he did not know when he had seen a prettier girl ; he would really like to know her better,—and then he caught her eye again.

“Did you get a nap?” he asked hurriedly.

“I think so. Does it not seem selfish — my lying here asleep, while you are working hour after hour? I wonder if I could not row, while you rested? I once could handle a boat rather well. May I try?”

She looked so charming in her desire to aid, that Beach, forgetting everything but his wish to humor her, handed her the paddle.

“Is the Tuan sick,” growled Wahpering from the bow, “that he gives his work to women? The Panglima prau with ten oars come in one half hour. We get to Cave Rocks first, there can fight while Tuan sleep.”

With a muttered imprecation at the Malay’s impertinence, Beach took the paddle and drove it into the water with renewed vigor, although his muscles ached and his limbs were stiff with the unwonted toil.

Suddenly the Malay in the stern stopped and raised his paddle above his head. All ceased and listened, as the boat glided swiftly on down the stream.

In a moment they could make out distinctly what Wahpering’s trained ear had heard for some time, the regular splash of paddles, and the accompanying squeak of rattan oarlocks.

The Panglima heard it too, and a grim smile of victory flushed his swarthy features. Wahpering saw the look and understood it, and touched the handle of his kris significantly.

“No can reach Cave Rocks. Bind Panglima — mouth and hands. Take out oars,— so no make sound. Lie down all in bottom boat. No speak,—

prau go by. Now, *pergi*,—go,—under *tambuso*. *Lekas!*”

The maneuver was easily made. The top of a giant jungle tree had fallen over the river, resting on the stilt-like platform of mangrove roots. Vines and ferns had entwined themselves about its trunk and branches, until the tree afforded an almost impenetrable screen from without. The boat was worked noiselessly to the darkest recess of the leafy alcove, and the branches and vines were carefully arranged over the entrance.

The noise of paddles became more distinct, mingled with a low buzz of talk. Then one moment of breathless suspense, and the swift war prau swept into view.

Gladys closed her eyes with an instinctive shudder, and reached out for her brother's hand.

Twice the prau paused before a more than ordinarily dense mass of overhanging foliage, while a stalwart Malay in the bow thrust a long pole into its midst. Wahpering started uneasily, and spoke excitedly in his native tongue to his brother, who nodded his head and handed him the long steering oar.

“We're in for it, if they try that game on us,” whispered the Doctor. “However, I would not mind spitting that ugly Mamat. I owe him one for laughing while I chased those cursed butterflies in the sun.”

Wahpering watched every movement of the enemy's boat with a tiger-like intentness, as it came swiftly abreast their hiding place. He could almost have touched the Malay in its bow, as he raised his

pole and with a heavy lunge thrust it through the mass of foliage. It was aimed straight for the bottom of the hidden boat, and would have struck Beach full in the breast. Quick as lightning the old headman raised the long paddle and turned it from its course. Once more it broke through the fragile screen, and once more Wahpering rendered its aim purposeless. The Malay oarsmen grunted impatiently and dipped their paddles in the water, but the pole-man motioned them to hold.

The prau had drifted a few feet down the stream. The Doctor, in his eagerness to see what was taking place, raised himself on his elbow just as the pole came crashing through for the third time. The sensitive craft responded to his weight and Wahpering lost his balance. The pole struck the long wooden prow of the boat with a dull, heavy thud. With a look of disgust and contempt, Wahpering commenced calmly to strip off everything but his sarong and kris. His brother did the same.

The Panglima's eyes flashed as he watched these preparations for the death struggle. He did not doubt for a moment what the end of the contest would be between his fifteen men, the flower of his own picked body-guard, and his poorly armed captors: his mind was rather bent on some plan of escape for himself from the fury of the old Pung-hulo. He strained quietly at his bonds, as he heard Mamat, the chief of his guard, give the orders to bring the prau back to the point from which the noise came.

"It was a hollow log," ventured one of his men.

"Allah knows," Mamat answered.

Wahpering moved from the bow to the side of the Panglima. The Chief closed his eyes and ceased his hopeless struggle.

Again and again the poleman essayed to raise the heavy mass of limbs and vines that protected the hidden boat. Finally, with a growl of rage, he snatched up a steel-headed lance, and threw it with all his might through the opening he had made. It glanced along the beak of the prow and disappeared into the darkness of the lagoon.

All was still for an instant, the pursuers listening for the result of the throw, the pursued undetermined whether to fight or wait until discovered. Then the silence was broken by a fierce, hoarse bel-
low of mingled rage and pain.

The oarsmen in the prau lifted their boat almost out of the water in their mad haste to get into mid-stream.

A monster *sladang* rose from out of the mud almost under the neck of the captive boat, and dashed out into the current. In his massive shoulder stuck the blade of the lance. His savage, blood-shot eyes were rolling with pain, and his powerful horns tore away the limbs and vines as though they were threads.

The war-prau pulled swiftly down the stream to give full room to the great horns. The bull floundered on beyond his depth, pounding the water into a creamy foam, then with an angry snort he shook his head menacingly at the departing boat and turned back to the shore.

"Saved by a miracle!" whispered Gladys, as she watched the black form of their savage deliverer



THREW IT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.

crush through his feeding ground of lily pads and go bellowing up the bank.

"Yes, it took a miracle to make up for my awkwardness," said the Doctor ruefully. "What next, Wahpering?"

"*Machan-an*, — eating," answered the Malay, opening a bag of provisions.

"Not such a bad idea. I actually feel faint. Sixteen hours of hard work without a mouthful! It reminds me of a march I made with Grant down in —"

"You will feel fainter, Doctor, after a glance at the contents of our larder," broke in Beach, holding open the bag.

"What shall it be, Miss Mead, — a prawn-ball or a duck's egg, — a fried fish or a plantain leaf of curry, or possibly a stick of sugar cane?"

Gladys reached down into the conglomerate mass of food and fruits, and picked out some biscuits and an orange. Turning to the old headman first she smiled sweetly with a — "*Trima kasi*, I thank you, Punghulo." Then looking up reprovingly into Beach's handsome face she said, "I am ashamed of you, sir, for making sport of Wahpering's thoughtfulness. Remember, such actions are unbecoming a cavalier."

"I apologize," replied the young man, bowing low; "and as a proof of my contrition I eat this prawn-ball, odor and all."

"O, don't worry about Wahpering's feelings," interposed the Doctor. "He's after something else than compliments."

Gladys looked sadly down at the captive and shuddered.

Wahpering backed the boat carefully from its hiding-place, and headed it down the stream.

"*Jaga, biak biak*,—carefully," he cautioned. "We make Cave Rocks before they turn back—good; if no make Cave Rocks, Tuan Doctor better pray Allah for 'nother *sladang*!"

The Doctor dropped his head to hide the angry flush that mounted to his temples at the old headman's scornful rebuff, and plied his paddle with a fierce vigor.

The air was becoming oppressive. The cicadas in the trees above had ceased their shrill reiterative songs, and the sun poured down its full heat into the jungle-closed river.

"How much farther, Wahpering?" asked Beach, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

The Malay raised his paddle, and pointed straight ahead and high up among the trees.

All followed his motion. The trees seemed to be set against a solid black background.

"Looks like a rain cloud or the wall of a cañon."

"Cave Rocks," answered the Malay. "Plenty safety there. Sakies give us help. *Lckas*, hear paddle!"

The men threw all caution aside, as the vast pile of volcanic rocks loomed up before them, and sent the boat bounding through the water with a redoubled speed. The river, which before had wound and twisted through the forest like the track of a gigantic snake, now stretched out in a perfectly straight line for more than a mile. Directly in the middle of this watery race-course loomed the honey-combed mass.

As their keel grounded on the shelving beach at its foot, the woods rang with a fierce, exultant yell, and the war prau swept into sight around a bend.

"Cheer away, my hearties," shouted Beach, waving his helmet gayly above his head. "We've got the laugh on you this time." And not waiting for his companions, he threw his arm about the girl's supple waist, and in a moment they were twenty feet above, standing in the mouth of one of the many caves that indented the wall.

Wahpering followed with the provisions and arms. The Doctor was the last to leave the boat. The hostile prau was advancing more rapidly than he realized.

He raised the Panglima slowly, and walked carefully to the bow, where Mead was waiting to help him land. But the boat, released of its freight, slid softly off the shaly beach, and was being gradually carried down the stream in the direction of the rapidly gaining prau.

"Drop him and jump, Doctor!" shouted Mead, making frantic efforts to reach its side.

"Jump, for heaven's sake," he yelled again, seeing him hesitate.

The Doctor started to put down the Chief and take up a paddle, but seeing the advancing prau not a dozen rods away, he raised the Panglima above his head, and threw him with all his strength into the bottom of the boat, and sprang for the shore.

The boat responded to the impetus, and shot from under him into midstream.

"All right," he gasped, as he emerged from the water. "I think that drop rather surprised him,

hey!" And grasping Mead's hand, they sprang up the rocks.

Wahpering had watched the escape of the Panglima in speechless amazement. His drawn kris was in his hand ready to stab his foe, and throw his body down among his followers the instant they landed on the beach; for he was no longer needed as a hostage. He had faced death and betrayed his nation for this moment, and while the sweets of satisfied revenge were still in his mouth, he saw them snatched from him, and he powerless to prevent.

The ping of a musket-ball close to his head brought him to his senses, and with a howl of baffled rage he raised a huge boulder above his head, and hurled it with an almost superhuman strength at the receding boat. It struck the half deck and split it into a hundred fragments. Again he raised a stone, regardless of the bullets that began to chip the rocks about him, and hurled it vainly at his enemy.

A mocking peal of laughter was his only answer.

"O, the fools, the dogs! Why you no throw him in river?" he hissed, turning fiercely on the Doctor, who was pushing the cartridges into the magazine of his express.

"Do I look like a murderer?" snapped the old man. "Come in out of the wet."

The Punghulo fell moodily back, muttering in his native tongue.

"He is calling you anything but a gentleman," laughed Mead. "This is your second offense to-day."



HE HURLED IT AT THE RECEDING BOAT.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, and poked his head over the edge of the precipice.

"There he is in the arms of his family. Now I suppose we must look out for fun. Hello there, Wahpering, don't sulk,—what next?"

"If shoot Panglima,—rest run away."

"Possibly, old fellow, but I had rather try running myself, first."

Wahpering saw that he must forego his revenge, and look out for his own safety. Already the Malays, urged on by the Panglima, were beginning to scale the cliff. Turning scornfully to Beach, he said:—

"Take woman and the little Tuan Doctor and follow my brother." Glancing at Mead, he finished, "Stay, if no afraid."

Then, prying off a mass of rock, he sent it down among the besiegers. He smiled grimly, as he listened to the cries of pain that followed the crash.

"Give me rifle."

Mead handed him the gun. He crawled carefully to the edge of the cañon, looked down on the scattered warriors, and fired twice. Not waiting to see the effect of his shots, he said:—

"Come. They give us plenty time, now. No like medicine."

XII.

THE passage which they were following led them back into the heart of the mountain and upward. It was crossed by others at right angles, and twice they came upon rooms of varying size. A softly diffused light filtered down through the many fissures and cracks of the sides and roof, making torches unnecessary. The reverberations of the rifle shots sounded muffled and far away to the hurrying fugitives.

The gloom, the strangeness of the place, and their ignorance of everything about them, made speech seem out of place, and backward glances foolish.

They could not exult at their escape, with only a few hundred yards separating them from the Panglima, and so they hurried along the narrow, winding passage, without question or comment.

Gladys clutched Beach's arm convulsively, as the report of Wahpering's rifle reached her ears. He knew that she was thinking of her brother, and did not try to comfort her.

The passage grew narrower and steeper, and they turned off into a lateral one, that seemed to terminate in a lofty chamber.

The guide raised his hand, and said in Malay,—
“*Nanti*,— wait,— Wahpering.”

Gladys sank down on a great square block of red sandstone, and leaned her head against the rugged wall.

Beach stood over her.

"Can I do anything, Miss Mead?" he said, his voice filled with a genuine sympathy.

"I am only tired, and anxious about Tom. Do you hear footsteps?"

Beach sprang to the mouth of the passage to listen, as Mead and Wahpering rushed through.

The old headman only paused to lift the rock on which the girl had been seated, and take candles from under it. Then he placed his shoulder against a massive boulder that formed an angle in the wall, and pushed with all his strength. It turned slowly, as on a pivot.

The watching fugitives did not wait for the word, but one after another crowded into the dark opening. The cries of their pursuers came faintly to their ears.

Wahpering closed the great stone after him, and laughed quietly.

"No more Panglima Muda. Light candles."

For half an hour they tramped along the corridor. Their spirits had undergone a wonderful change. They were united, and free from all danger. The long, grotesque shadows that their candles cast up the sides of the walls, the half-drunken gyrations of a colony of bats, the Doctor's attempt at a tune, all afforded subjects for mirth,—everything acted on their spirits like champagne, and they went trooping along the passage, laughing and joking like a party of school children.

"By George, is n't it great!" shouted Beach. "I feel as though I could kiss the darkness for not having a kris or a musket-ball concealed in it."

"Better not try," broke in Mead. "You might swallow a bat."

Gladys laughed quietly at Beach's enthusiasm.

"I declare, the Doctor has broken his monocle!"

The old man stopped as though he had been shot, and grasped the end of its silken cord in dismay.

Wahpering turned to see what was the matter, and smiled broadly at the look of distress on the Doctor's face.

"Tuan Doctor's Allah, no more."

"Never mind, Doctor," laughed Beach, as he saw the storm gathering in his companion's face. "You can have my watch crystal."

Gradually the darkness was pervaded by pale shafts of light; then their candles became unnecessary. Suddenly they turned a sharp angle of the passage, and found themselves in the softly subdued light of a great cavernous room.

The perfume of the jūngle came gratefully to their nostrils, and long pencils of sunshine fell from the lofty roof down on the dry shaly floor.

The Doctor gave a long, low whistle of astonishment, as he sought to adjust his lost eye-glass, and went forward into the center of the room.

"Hello! there has been a fire here,—bones,—a kettle."

"Sakies!" answered Wahpering.

"Sakies, hear that, Beach! We are now in the haunts of the aborigines—the rightful owners of this rich peninsula, the men who loaded Solomon's ships with gold dust, apes, and peacocks, of whose origin we know nothing. For aught there is on record, they may speak pure Sanskrit. The Exposition must have a pair!"

Beach only smiled, and rushed forward to arrange

a tiger skin, which Wahpering had taken from an crevice in the wall, into a seat for Gladys.

"It strikes me," commented the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "that our Commissioner's interest in the great World's Fair is waning. Problem, — given the effect to find the cause. Can you help us, Miss Mead?"

Gladys laughed gayly, and turned the conversation, to Beach's relief, ere the Doctor could make himself more plain.

"We ought to thank the Sakies, Doctor, instead of laying traps to kidnap them. They are in reality our hosts."

"Poh! Poh! In the interest of science, my dear young lady, in the interest of science anything is justifiable. Why, when I was in South America —"

"That's one of his longest," broke in Beach irreverently. "Hello, where is Wahpering disappearing to?"

The Doctor looked up in time to see the Pung-hulo walking into what seemed to be the solid face of the wall. As they drew near, they found that a dark shadow covered like a screen a deep notch, from which came a current of hot out-door air. Beach felt his way cautiously into the darkness, and through the rift that seemed to connect them with the world, until he found himself confronted by a mass of greenery. Pushing aside the vines and ferns, he stepped into the dim, translucent depths of the jungle.

There was a well-marked path just below them, — a path, or rather, as the two men studied it, it seemed to be a series of mud holes, each worse than the last.

"Well, I'll be shot!" ejaculated Beach, as he watched Wahpering coming towards them, springing from the edge of one pit to another.

The Doctor laughed outright at the young man's amazement.

"It is an elephant path, my dear Commissioner. You might dig up a half mile of it and take it back to Chicago. An elephant is a timid beast, and believes in stepping in the footsteps of his forefathers, regardless of mud, slime, or the poisoned sticks that the natives drive in the bottom of them."

"And I suppose it is our route out," said Beach, his expression of amazement changing to one of dismay.

"One can readily see that you were brought up on city pavements, and know nothing of the delights of our country roads in the spring."

The little party had gone completely through the mass of rocks that was a small mountain, by subterranean passages known only to Wahpering and the Sakies, and had accomplished a feat that would be almost impossible to pursuers, who were forced to scale it and cut their way through the jungles. They were practically as safe from the Panglima's men as though they were on the Ocean Esplanade in Singapore.

Wahpering came forward, followed by a sturdy little copper-colored man, with long arms, high cheek bones, and straight coarse black hair.

The Doctor looked at him curiously.

"A Sakie," Wahpering explained. "Trong, Chief. His people come in one day with litter, and carry lady along elephant path to river."

The little Chief touched his forehead with the back of his hand, and looked down modestly. He was dressed simply in a coarse bark sarong, and carried a blow-pipe.

Beach put out his hand to take the weapon, whereupon he sprang backward with the agility of an animal, and pushed a diminutive poisoned dart into the mouth end. Wahpering said a few words in his tongue, and he lowered the weapon and handed it courteously to Beach.

When they returned to the cavern, they found that a fire had been built, and that Gladys had taken charge of the preparing of their meager repast of rice and fish, to which the Sakie chief had added fruits and dried buffalo meat.

After the meal, Beach threw himself down on a tiger skin at the girl's feet, heedless of the Doctor's invitation to join him in an exploring excursion, and watched her as she deftly repaired a rent in her brother's canvas jacket with some string and a thorn.

"What is it that the copy-books say about necessity being the mother of invention?" she asked, smiling. "I hope our inventions will keep pace with our necessities."

"They certainly have so far," replied Beach. "Everything seems to have worked out like a stage plot. Isn't it jolly!"

In truth, since the day of their capture at the stockade by the Panglima, he had not for a moment acknowledged the true gravity of their position. While in conversation with the Doctor, he had striven to give his face a serious cast, and to speak

seriously of their chances of escape, as though it were really a matter of life and death. He dimly suspected that the romance in his mind refused to consider the entire adventure as anything more than an exciting episode, such as he had expected to meet in so distant and unknown a part of the globe.

The discovery of a girl — captive like themselves — had added the one element to the rose color of the plot that it lacked; and he had given himself up to the excitement and pleasure of watching the moves and counter-moves of the play, in which he was one of the characters. It was like a tale of adventure by Stevenson or Clarke Russell, made real.

The whipping of Wahpering, the horrible death of McIlvaine, the burning of the bungalow, or the thud of a rifle bullet close to his head, failed to make the adventure less impersonal or amusing.

Three days without food — the Doctor had growled — was what he needed to convince him that they were on no holiday excursion, nor taking part in any charade.

In the modern novel, Beach knew, one of the characters of such a little tale as their adventure would make would be expected to fall in love with the captive heroine, and with the most willing readiness he had taken upon himself the lover's rôle. All the more readily, perhaps, as the heroine in this case would have commanded his admiration under less romantic circumstances. From the night on which he had found the handekrchief at Sandringham, he had let all his thoughts and dreams

center about its fair owner. So for two weeks he had been doubly a captive,—a captive in body, and a captive in mind. Then for twenty-four hours he realized the happiness of meeting and talking to his captor, and instead of striving for his release, he had fallen deeper into her toils.

He looked up into her face now, and watched the deep lights in her eyes, the delicate coloring of her neck and face, with a sense of exultation that made him glory in his captivity, and drove from his mind all thoughts of danger from his once captor,—the Panglima.

“Jolly!” echoed Gladys blankly, with a look of surprise in her lifted eyebrows.

Beach’s smile faded.

“Well, I don’t know that you would call it exactly jolly. Of — of — course, we are not out of danger; but then, you know,—that is to say,—I was n’t thinking of the danger.”

“No!” she said archly.

“O, I say, that’s not what I mean.”

Gladys took no notice of this expressive ejaculation, but kept her eyes on her work.

The half lights from the vaulted roof above fell about her head like a halo, and kept Beach’s mind wandering from his halting explanation to the picture before him.

“Of course, I had n’t forgotten the danger, but just then I was thinking that we were by ourselves, and could — could chat,—you know,—and — and get acquainted.”

Gladys laughed softly at her admirer’s confusion, and stole a glance at the top of his great blonde head.

"I have felt that I have known you ever since I found your handkerchief under the piano," he went on, growing bolder in the girl's silence.

"Odd, is n't it? Don't suppose you knew that such a fellow existed."

Gladys laughed merrily. "Of course I did. I was selfish enough to be almost glad that you were a prisoner like myself. It gave me courage to hope that we might all escape together."

"Were you really glad?" he questioned eagerly. "Honestly, so was I,—and more, I shall be sorry when we get back to civilization!"

Gladys did not ask why, and Beach fell once more to watching her labor of love on the old coat.

XIII.

AT DAYLIGHT the next morning, Trong, the Sakie chief, appeared at the mouth of the cavern with a rude rattan chair suspended between two long bamboo poles, ready for the day's journey. Gladys seated herself securely in it, and eight sturdy little men grasped the poles and darted off into the elephant path. Beach started to run by her side, but the swaying and pitching of the chair, as its bearers sprang from side to side in their efforts to get over the mudholes, soon forced him to the rear.

The Doctor gathered together a load of Sakie pots and baskets.

"They will make a good article for a Smithsonian report," he said in reply to Mead's smile.

"It is a subject that has never been thoroughly written up. You see,"—he went on, glad of an appreciative listener,— "they are the only remnants of the aborigines of this peninsula,— the people that the Malay found when he came over from the rich valley of the Menung Kabu, in Sumatra. They have resisted the religion of Islam and the civilization of the European. They are of as much interest to science as the aboriginal Indian or negro, and a learned pamphlet with illustrations by Jonas Poultney, Ph. D., will not look bad."

Mead laughed, and took the collection from the Doctor's back and swung it across his own broad shoulders.

"I'll carry it, Doctor, if you will send me an autograph copy of your work."

"I'll do better, my boy," answered the gratified old enthusiast pompously. "I'll acknowledge the obligation in the preface. Yes, I'll go farther, and dedicate it to you. 'To Thomas Mead, Esquire, in recognition of kindness shown in the collection of the materials for this little work.'"

The elephant track did not belie its looks. For hours they toiled along its uneven course, slipping, falling, and bruising themselves.

The nimble natives found themselves more than once forced to lower the litter, while they helped each other from a seething mud-bath, or picked off the numberless yellow-striped leeches that fastened themselves to their bare legs; and often Gladys would cry out for them to stop that she might rest for a moment from the wrenchings and side-aches.

Wearied and sore, they came at noon to an open space, large enough to admit of their resting and cooking their midday meal. A little stream cut across their course, and its banks and the bordering jungle showed the marks of Chinese tin miners.

Gladys sprang lightly from the chair, while the natives took from beneath it a roll of palm matting, and stretched it over a rude framework of hastily cut poles.

The noonday heat beat down with a fierce intensity into the little notch in the jungle, and made the sparse shade of the four-by-five hut a thing not to be despised.

Wahpering built a fire, and cooked the inevitable rice, and roasted a few roots of the tapioca.

"Should n't we make a nice picture for a kodak fiend?" laughed Beach, glancing about the little party.



THE ELEPHANT PATH.

"It would take more than a kodak to do us justice," commented the Doctor. "In fact, I am afraid we shall never get justice for the past month's outrage."

"O, Doctor," said Gladys, "you might never have had the pleasure of knowing me. Is that not reward enough, without seeking for justice?"

"Poh! poh!" answered the old man, his kindly face lighting with pleasure. "You are safe enough in talking to an old fellow like me, who knows you are joking; but the Commissioner there would give his eyes to hear you say the same thing to him."

Gladys dropped her eyes, and a tell-tale blush stole over her fair cheeks. Beach turned angrily away.

"It's only natural you young folks should feel that way," went on the imperturbable old man. "You are both handsome and romantic—in Beach's case I would say silly. Tut, tut, don't get on your high horse; I have told you that before. Why, do you know, he was actually jealous of me the time I got that stolen interview with you." And the Doctor laughed unrestrainedly at the absurdity of the thought. "But there, there, I am forgetting that I was sent out to these God-forsaken wilds by the great Smithsonian Institution to make a collection of its flora and fauna, to study its anthropology, ethnology, lithology, and metallurgy, to obtain archaic time-pieces, measuring instruments, games of chance, musical instruments, and —"

"And to succor the oppressed," finished Gladys tragically.

"And not to abet such foolishness," he went on, unmindful of his listener's interruption.

A family of gray monkeys swung far out on the swaying limbs of the giant timboosa trees, and peered down in wonderment at the strange noises. A native espied them, and as quick as lightning his blow-pipe was at his mouth, and a tiny dart sped upward toward one of the most daring of the lot.

In an instant the almost human little victim dropped with a pitiful cry at Gladys's feet. His mates went scuttling away, scolding and chattering with fear.

The victorious sportsman came running up with a deprecatory touch of his forehead, picked him up, and darted back to the edge of the bank.

"A welcome and unexpected addition to their bill of fare. I don't suppose they ever heard of the manna of the Israelites."

"O, Doctor, how can you joke about such a thing. It seems almost like taking a human life."

"Like the Panglima's, for instance?" queried the Doctor.

Gladys shuddered.

"You need n't fear him, my dear. To-night we shall be at the bank of the river again. By morning we shall be safe in Temerloh. Then, with a detachment of Sikhs, we shall glide down the Pahang to its mouth, and then along the coast to Singapore. When I tell the Governor of the horrible death of McIlvaine and of our imprisonment and your kidnaping, he will send something besides Sikhs and policemen after this English-speaking murderer, or I am mistaken in my belief in British pluck!"

"God save the Queen!" shouted Mead enthusiastically.

"Yes, save her until after the death of her charming son," commented the Doctor dryly.

"However, we are wasting time. I am going to take a look at these old tin mines. Will you come along, Mead? I suppose you know that this peninsula mines one half the tin of the world,—right in the face of the McKinley Bill. Fact, the Consul told me so." And so the old man ran on, retailing fact after fact from the inexhaustible storehouse of his memory.

"Wonderful old man," said Beach, as the Doctor and his new-found disciple disappeared over the bank. "He has quite given me up as a hopeless case."

"And are you?" she asked, laughing softly.

Beach glanced up in time to catch the sweet, almost tender, look that filled the big black eyes as they met his own, and his heart beat with a fierce, wild longing that for the moment drove away his speech.

"Gladys!"

She did not draw away her hand, as he took it in his, but said, as a happy smile played about the corners of her mouth,— "You have not answered my question yet."

So the Doctor found them an hour later, when he returned laden with the spoils of his exploration.

He glanced at them curiously, sought to adjust his missing monocle, smiled broadly, and then bent down and took the flushing face of the girl between his pudgy hands, and before she could escape, kissed her.

"Ah, you rascal!" he laughed, as she darted out of his reach. "I no more than give you your freedom, than you lose it again." And the happy old scientist stood chuckling quietly at his joke, while Beach nervously twisted the ends of his yellow mustache.



WORLD'S FAIR NOTE.

(Sent out by the Department of Publicity and Promotion.)

Lieutenant John Quincy Adams Beach, Special Commissioner for the World's Columbian Exposition, and his bride arrived in Chicago yesterday, direct from Singapore. Commissioner Beach brings with him four Sakies and their chief, Trong ; also a complete Malay bungalow. In company with Lieutenant Beach is the noted traveler and ethnologist, Professor Jonas Poultney, Ph. D., who has a splendid collection of Malay and Sakie curios, embracing archaic time-pieces, musical instruments, games of chance, and weapons of war. Through the kind offices of Doctor Poultney the Smithsonian has decided to loan the entire collection to the Fair.

From the "Straits-Times" of Singapore.

PAHANG.

THE "PANGLIMA MUDA" OF JEMPOL KILLED.

HIS HEAD TAKEN TO PEKAN.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

PEKAN, 30th October, '92.

The famous *Panglima Muda* of Jempol, the instigator of the Pahang War and the murderer of McIlvaine, of the Jelebu Company, has been caught at last, and killed in the Ulu Jempol by a party led by the famous Punghulo Wahpering. His head, together with that of a Malay named Mamat, the *Panglima's* right-hand-man, was brought to Pekan this afternoon, and after examination by the medical officer, was buried by convicts. The Resident and *Tungku Mahmud* went to the hospital this evening, and identified one of the heads as that of the *Panglima Muda*, while that of Mamat was identified by many Pekan Malays who were acquainted with the man. The account as to how Wahpering came across the *Panglima* is as follows :—

It appears that the Sakie scouts, whom he had engaged for the purpose, brought him information that the *Panglima Muda*, together with two others, was in a bungalow in Ulu Jempol, at a place called Sungei Buloo, a tributary of the Sungei Tepus, and where people hardly ever go, it being so far up in the Ulu, and covered with dense jungle all along. Acting on this information the Punghulo Wahpering at once set off with 30 to 40 men, and when Sungei Buloo was reached, he got his followers to surround the bungalow, while he decided to enter alone and arrest, or in case of resistance, kill the *Panglima Muda*. The darkness of the night, when these arrangements were put into effect, materially helped to prevent him from being seen. After the men had been duly posted, with instructions to fire in case they saw the *Panglima Muda* attempting to escape, the Punghulo entered the bungalow.

Directly he saw the intruder, the *Panglima Muda* rushed at him with his diamond-handled kris, (he had no gun with him,) but the

Punghulo expected this attack, and fired, with the cry "Allah is good!" This, however, had to be supplemented by another shot, and then the once redoubtable *Panglima Muda* was no more. In the meantime, Mamat, on seeing his chief fall, shouted "Amok!" and rushed out of the house, armed with a kris, but only to be rid- dled with bullets. The heads of both the rebels were then severed and brought here, the bodies being buried on the spot. It may be stated that the warrior who has distinguished himself in killing the *Panglima Muda* is no other than the same Punghulo Wahpering that was captured in connection with Messrs. Poultney and Beach, the two daring Americans who invaded the rebellious country during the war.

It is thought that the capture and killing was actuated more by some desire for revenge than for the reward. However, there seems to be no doubt that the Punghulo Wahpering has fairly earned the reward of \$1,000 that is advertised for the head of the *Panglima Muda*, and I believe that a part of the amount in question will be divided among the men who assisted in the exploit.

It is thought that the Orang Kayah will not long keep the field, now that he is deprived of the aid of so powerful and crafty an ally.

[THE END.]







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